

AROUND THE WORLD BY RAIL. THE COMING CUP RACE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

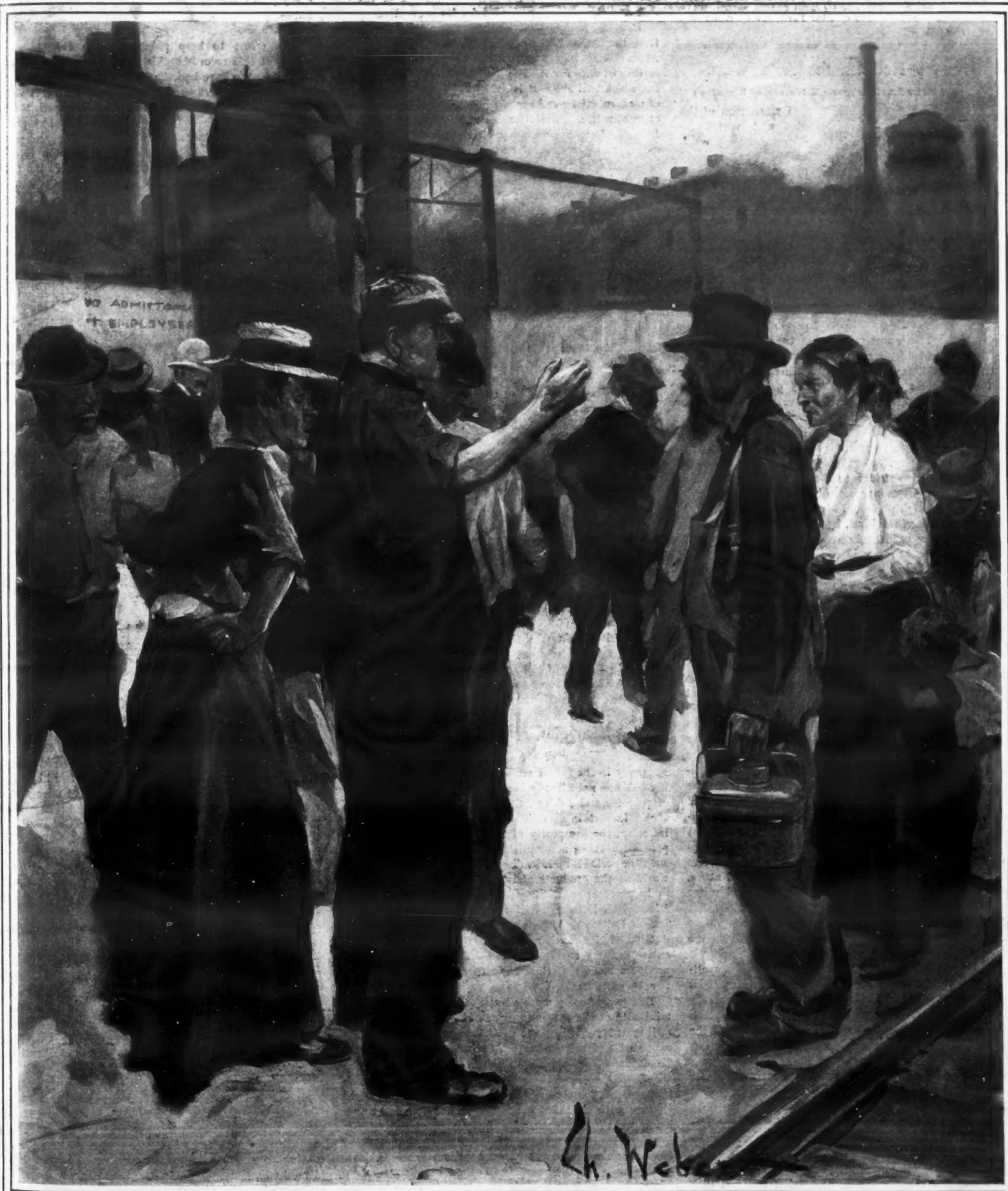
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Vol. XCIII.—No. 2401
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New York, September 14, 1901

PRICE 10 CENTS

Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-Office



THE CRISIS! TO WORK OR NOT TO WORK!

MANY OF THE STRIKING STEEL MEN, ANXIOUS TO RESUME WORK, ARE EAGERLY BESOUGHT TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE MILLS.
DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY CH. WEBER.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly in the United States.**THE 90TH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.**
PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Western Office, Boyce Building, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
EUROPEAN SALES - AGENTS : The International News Company,
Brem's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saar-
bach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Terms: \$4.00 per year; \$2.00 for six months.
Foreign Countries in Postal Union, \$5.00.Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, and in
Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila,
Samoa, Canada, and Mexico.
Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or
by express or postal order, not by local checks, which, under
present banking regulations of New York, are at a discount
in that city.

How to Redeem the Arid West.

(By United States Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming.)



SENATOR WARREN.

UTILIZATION of the rich and varied resources of their country is the plain duty of American citizens. Perhaps the greatest of these varied resources, and the one offering the broadest field for energetic, practical effort, is the vast public domain yet uncultivated and forming in extent and possibilities a veritable empire. There now remains at the disposal of the general government unappropriated and unreserved lands aggregating 900,000,000 acres; of this, approximately 350,000,000 acres are in Alaska, and practically all of the remaining 550,000,000 acres are in that part of the United States west of the Missouri River, once known as the Great American Desert, now called the Arid West, and destined in time to be freed from this implied designation of inferiority.

The physical conditions of the Arid West, for many years unknown, are now reasonably well understood. The rolling plains, high plateaus, higher foothills, and great mountain ranges of the West, by the conveniences and extension of transcontinental travel, have been brought of late within view of many thousands of residents of the East. The problems involved in the fullest utilization of these vast areas are not fully understood or appreciated by the country at large, and that this is so is lamentable, for it is chiefly from this lack of knowledge that opposition exists to the proposed extension of government aid in the work of reclaiming and making productive the unproductive lands of the Arid West.

The eastern and southern portions of the United States are supplied with abundant rainfall for agricultural purposes, receiving the necessary amount from the evaporation of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. But westward the amount of aqueous precipitation diminishes until at last a region is reached where the climate is so arid that agriculture is not successful without artificial aid to nature by means of irrigation. The great mountain ranges which cross the arid region check the winds carrying the moisture gathered by evaporation from the Pacific Ocean and, with dense forest growths covering their slopes and perpetual snows capping their summits, form the storage-grounds and sources of supply of water for purposes of irrigation. Nature, in fact, has provided a plan by which land and water may be utilized, one to the betterment of the other, but the plan has one defect. The snows melt, and the waters run off through creek and river channels earlier in the season than water is required for irrigation.

Aid in building hydraulic works to retain these melting snows in the store-houses of the mountains until the proper season for use is what the Arid West asks of the nation. It is not an unreasonable request. It is not inconsistent with the practices of the country. To aid commerce, the general government, since its establishment, has dredged harbors, removed obstructions in channels, deepened river-beds, built breakwaters, and otherwise diverted and controlled waterways. The expected benefits of such aid cannot well be called local, for the territory to be subserved is as great in extent as the aggregate acreage of all the New England, Middle, and Southern States, and Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Iowa additional. Irrigation and government aid to irrigation are not new practices. In the tenth verse of the second chapter of the Book of Genesis we read, "And a river went out of

(Continued on page 247.)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Human Life Growing Longer.

EVEN an anti-imperialist ought to find something to be cheerful about in a recent census bulletin on the mortality statistics of the United States for the decade ending in 1900. The bulletin shows that the advances made in medical science and sanitation and in preventive and restrictive measures enforced by the health authorities have had a striking effect upon the comparative death rate for the cities of this country where a system of registration is in force.

In 1890 the death rate in 271 cities of 5,000 or more population was 21 per 1,000; in 1900 the rate was 18.6 in 361 cities of 8,000 population and upward, a reduction of 2.4 per 1,000. Another statement of special interest and significance just now is that deaths reported as due to consumption, including general tuberculosis, decreased from 245.9 per 100,000 of population in 1890 to 190.5 in 1900, a very large reduction, due, the census authorities believe, to the better knowledge of the disease and the measures adopted for its prevention.

In connection with these encouraging facts and figures from the census bureau, it is important to note that the Actuarial Society of America is about to compile a new series of tables for the life insurance companies of America which will show, it is said, that improved conditions of modern existence have added two years to the average of human life. Similar tables recently completed by the British life insurance companies show this to be a fact, so far as their field of operations is concerned, and it is not doubted that the same conditions will be found to prevail in the United States. The new English tables show, for example, that the average healthy man of twenty years may expect to live over forty-three years longer, whereas under the old tables he was granted only forty-one and a half years more of life. Figures have also been gathered in England with reference to the annuity business and these disclose a superior vitality in all cases to that of the old régime.

These disclosures, as we have intimated, should inspire a feeling of cheerfulness all around among those who believe that life, on the whole, is worth living. They furnish the best possible evidence of the value and effectiveness of the new hygienic methods and measures devised by modern science and the new and improved systems of sanitation. But the showing will prove comparatively valueless unless it stimulates not only the medical profession but the laity in general to renewed efforts in the promotion of healthfulness and improved sanitary conditions. What has been accomplished in the past should only be a beginning for larger advances in the future.

To add nearly two years to the average of human existence is a wonderful achievement. Its full significance it is not easy to grasp. Applying it to the population of the United States alone, now over 70,000,000, it means not less than a total of 140,000,000 added years of human activity and productiveness. This stupendous total, divided by the years of the average human life, with the recent increase included, means practically the same as an increase of 4,000,000 to the healthy adult population of the nation. Regarded from the standpoint of the economist, it means also an enormous increase in the wealth-producing factors of the country. Healthfulness, vigor, and high vitality among a people are the most valuable assets that any nation can have.

Wonderful Growth of the South.

THE prosperity of the Southern States is spoken of generally in the future tense, as if it were fast approaching but was not already here, as if the situation was one of promise and not of fulfillment. This is only partly true. In certain directions and in some departments of industry, the prosperity of the South is a reality of the present, a thing accomplished. Take, for example, two such important and leading factors in the industrial world as the products of iron-mines and cotton-mills.

In a recent speech before a bankers' association, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the *Manufacturer's Record*, of Baltimore, made the statement that the iron production of the South now equals the iron output of the entire country so late as 1879. The same section now produces more coal than the entire bituminous product twenty years ago.

But perhaps the most notable and significant industrial gain of the Southern States has been in the cotton-mill industry. Before the Civil War the South was only a producer of raw cotton; cotton manufacture was confined almost exclusively to the Northern States. But the South has long since ceased to be thus dependent; it now turns the products of its cotton-fields largely into its own mills and thus keeps the profits at home which before went into other hands. In twenty years the South has increased the number of its cotton spindles from 667,000 to nearly 5,500,000, and now runs nearly a third of all the spindles in operation in the United States.

And the gains along this particular line are increasing in geometrical ratio. It cannot be questioned that before many years the South will be not only the greatest cotton-producing but the greatest cotton-manufactur-

ing centre in the world. It has all the facilities necessary to gain absolute and complete control of the cotton business, and it will reach that point of domination in a very brief period. The cotton trade naturally belongs to the South and it ought to reap the benefits of that trade to the largest possible degree.

The Plain Truth.

It is very kind and considerate of the British admiralty to install the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy at Cape Race for the special purpose of preventing any accident to the Royal Yacht *Ophir* when she approaches the Newfoundland coast in October with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on board. But our rude democratic sympathies prompt us to inquire why, if such an undertaking is carried out simply for the sake of two people, it might not be thought worth while to continue the system for the sake of the tens of thousands of other folk who must face the perils of a foggy sea at Cape Race every year? Few of them are royal princes, to be sure, but—

The effort to keep pace with the record-breaking events of this record-breaking year is to break a record in itself. We have had the largest accumulation of gold in the national treasury ever known, the largest volume of exports and imports, the longest rainy spell, the hottest July, the largest cotton crop, the heaviest pension roll, the longest silence on the part of Bryan, and several other unprecedented things, some to occasion rejoicing and some otherwise. And latest of all comes the *Celtic*, the biggest ship ever floated, and the trotter *Crescent* setting all records aside in the racing world. Who shall venture to name the record to be broken next?

A proposition to throw the same restrictions around Japanese immigration that are now around the Chinese is credited to some of the residents of the Pacific coast. The proposal seems absurd. The Japanese, though akin to the Chinese in racial lines, have few things in common with them at present, so far as intellectual traits, business methods, and political institutions are concerned. They are aptly called the "Yankees of the Orient." A more alert, progressive, and energetic class of people does not exist. As a nation Japan justly ranks to-day among the great Powers of the world, and her future is full of promise. A law discriminating against her in the matter of immigration would be an unpardonable offense to a people and a government with whom it is our interest to maintain the most cordial relations. How important our trading interests are in Japan at present may be judged from a recent report of our bureau of statistics, which shows that the imports of Japan from this country have grown from about \$3,000,000 in 1893 to over \$30,000,000 in 1900. In the former year the United States stood sixth in the list of countries from which Japan drew her imports. It is now second in the list, being exceeded only by Great Britain.

No greater misstatement regarding men in public life has been made than that which recently appeared in the Rochester *Herald*, to the effect that the Hon. Whitelaw Reid was defeated in a purpose to secure the French mission by reason of the inharmonious conditions of the Republican party. Mr. Reid never sought the French mission. It is no secret in Washington that Mr. Reid accepted the mission from President Harrison after very much urging and that he resigned the place before the expiration of his term. Nor is it any secret that he declined the German mission, which was offered him by President Hayes and again when it was offered by President Garfield. He was one of the warmest advocates of the nomination of President McKinley, and it is not surprising therefore that one of the first acts of the latter was to inquire if there was any place in the diplomatic service Mr. Reid might like. In reply, Mr. Reid said that he had had the French mission and given it up, and could not accept it again, and that there was only one other foreign appointment that could be desirable to one who had been our minister in Paris. Mr. Reid's friend, John Hay, had been selected for the British embassy, and later on, without his solicitation, Mr. Reid was appointed by the President as the special ambassador from the United States, to attend the Queen's Jubilee. Subsequently, and again without seeking it, he was appointed one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of peace with Spain, and was the earliest advocate in that body of the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, a policy which was finally adopted by all the members of the commission and was approved by the President himself. Some of the political opponents of Whitelaw Reid have persistently represented that he has been a disappointed office-seeker. It is doubtful if any other citizen of the country of equal prominence has sought fewer offices and declined more than he. According to remarks frequently attributed to Mr. Platt in recent interviews, he and Mr. Reid are now in political accord. Their most noticeable disagreement was over the last Mayoralty election. No rational Republican doubts its being a good thing that they are able to agree about the pending one.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—WHILE the formal announcement has yet to be made, it is considered as good as settled that President McKinley will appoint William Barrett Ridgely, of Illinois, as Comptroller of the Currency to succeed Charles G. Dawes, whose resignation takes effect on October 1st. From our portrait, one might take Mr. Ridgely to be a very young man, but he is about forty-five, and has a daughter old enough to be in the senior class of one of our woman's colleges. He is older, too, than either of his immediate predecessors in the comptroller's office, Mr. Eckels or Mr. Dawes. The former was only about thirty-five when, in 1893, he was selected for the post by President Cleveland, but he made a fine record for himself. Mr. Dawes has been a remarkably efficient comptroller, one of the best, in fact, that the country has ever had. Mr. Ridgely has been a prominent figure in the business circles of Chicago for years past, and has had much experience in the management of financial affairs. It is a notable coincidence that the office under consideration should be filled for three successive terms by Illinois men. The inference might be that the atmosphere of Chicago is specially conducive to the growth of able financiers.

—Recent events in Hawaii indicate the approaching retirement of Governor Sanford B. Dole, the man who has been at the head of all the various governments the Hawaiian Islands have known since the day, in 1893, when the monarchy was first overthrown. He was chief justice of the Supreme Court at the time of this first successful revolt against the Hawaiian royal line, and resigned the office to become President of the provisional government. Since the day when he laid aside the robes of a supreme justice and took up the powers of a ruler, Sanford B. Dole has known no rest from constant and indescribably bitter criticism. Americans who thought that the Hawaiians wanted annexation because they did not fight against it have learned otherwise. The Hawaiians, in fact, are not "pacified" yet, as the election last fall and the events of the present legislative session have shown. The most natural target for them, and for the not inconsiderable element among the whites who sympathized with them, for one reason or another, was, and is, the man who took the leadership in the first steps that proved fatal to the Hawaiian monarchy. For seven years, from 1893, when the Queen was deposed, to 1900, when Hawaii received the benefit of a government provided by Congress, Sanford B. Dole held the reins of government in the turbulent little nation, passing through several royalist plots and revolts, and leading a hard campaign of five years in behalf of annexation to the United States. When this campaign was won and Congress made Hawaii an American Territory, Dole was appointed first Governor, and the events that have followed have driven him into retirement, seriously suffering from nervous prostration. In Honolulu there is a very general impression that Governor Dole would like to resign, as well as that his state of health may finally compel him to do so. He has been under such constant fire ever since 1893 that resignation must have always appeared to him objectionable, as yielding, and until the present moment, when his thorough seclusion has for the time caused him to be lost sight of, there has never been a time when his resignation would not have been regarded as a triumph of his enemies, perhaps as a retreat in fear of an oft and confidently predicted "removal." The retirement of Governor Dole from public life will remove a figure that was very prominently before the American public for some



GOVERNOR DOLE, OF HAWAII,
WHOSE RETIREMENT FROM
OFFICE IS EXPECTED.

years while the Hawaiian controversy lasted, and it will take from Hawaiian affairs one who more than any other man holds the credit for piloting the little country through an extraordinary series of difficulties.

—Our portrait of the late Prince Henry of Orleans, who died at Saigon, Anam, in July, is eminently typical of the life and character of the man since he achieved practically all the fame he possessed as a traveler and explorer and died at last in a far-off land. The prince was the eldest son of the Duke of Chartres and brother of the late Comte de Paris. He was born in 1867. Being prevented by the laws of the French republic from embarking on a military career, his father sent him on a voyage around the world, and he spent some months with his cousin, the Duc d'Orleans, who held a commission in the British army in India. From this time Prince Henry



THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS.

spent nearly all his life in adventurous journeys to remote corners of the Asiatic continent. One of the most famous of these tours was undertaken in 1890, when the prince, with a small party of chosen associates, passed from Kuldja, in Siberia, across Mongolia and Thibet to the western frontier of China. For his discoveries in this perilous undertaking he received the gold medal of the Geographical Society of France. In a subsequent effort to find a direct route between China and India, the prince journeyed through 1,600 miles of new country and crossed seventeen mountain ranges. For this achievement the French government conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The illness which ended his life overtook him on a second tour he had begun through farther India.

—If all large employers of labor showed as much genuine and practical interest in the welfare of working-

men as Mr. Matthew C. D. Borden, the Fall River cotton-mill owner, disturbances of all kinds in the industrial world would be much rarer than they are. Three times within the past eleven years Mr. Borden has saved the operatives in the cotton mills of New England from a reduction of wages and from how much subsequent trouble no one can tell. His procedure in each instance has been practically the same. The first time he came to the rescue was in 1890. The cotton market was in an unsettled condition at the time and a big cut in wages was threatened by many of the large mills. Mr. Borden averted this by stepping in and buying 500,000 pieces of print cloth at a total outlay of \$750,000. This relieved the situation all around, and the old scale of wages was maintained. He did practically the same thing again in 1897 for the same purpose. The third occasion came a few weeks ago. All of the mills at Fall River, except Mr. Borden's, proposed to cut wages from ten to fifteen per cent. on the plea that they were unable to market their surplus goods, and must reduce wages or shut down. Mr. Borden contended that such action was not only unnecessary but wholly wrong and unjust. It was bad management, he declared, and not a surplus that

was causing the trouble. To prove his words, he proceeded, as before, to buy up enormous quantities of the surplus goods at an advanced price. The result of this action was to render both a stoppage of the mills and a cut in wages without excuse, and all the mills are now running on full time. It is said that the cotton operatives of New England almost idolize Mr. Borden, who has proved himself so many times that friend in need who is a friend indeed.

—Next to the gallant Sir Baden-Powell himself no one figured more conspicuously in the famous siege of Mafeking, early in



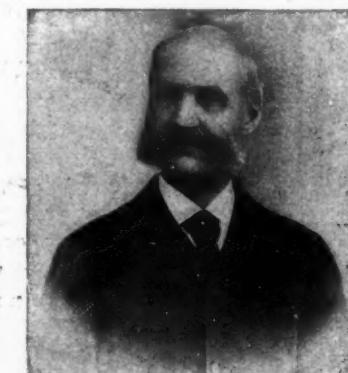
LADY SARAH WILSON, A HEROINE OF MAFEKING.

the Boer war, than Lady Sarah Wilson, who is now on a visit to the United States. Lady Wilson chanced to be at the little frontier town when the war broke out, and, as Mafeking was at once surrounded by the Boer forces, she made the most of the situation by acting as an army nurse and a war correspondent. In both capacities she did efficient and valuable service. She endured many perils and privations in the course of the siege, and was once captured by the Boers, but exchanged as a prisoner of war for a woman horse thief, whose liberty the Boers were eager to obtain. In Mafeking Lady Wilson occupied at night a subterranean bomb-proof shelter, but during the day she moved freely about, helping the besieged people in every possible way and exposing herself to the fire of the enemy as bravely as any of the soldiers. Her husband, Captain Gordon, of the Royal Horse Guards, was also in the service under Baden-Powell. Lady Wilson is the aunt of Winston Churchill, the famous British war correspondent, the son of Lord Churchill.

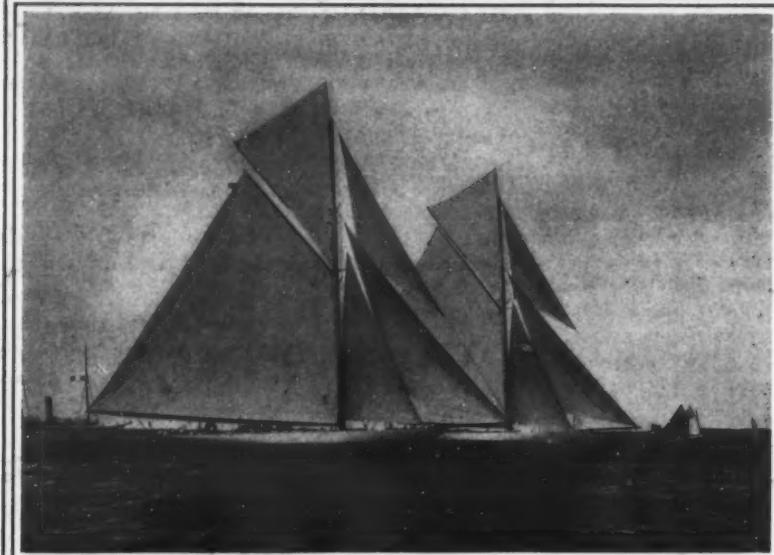
—No country of the Old World, with the possible exception of Japan, presents as striking a contrast to-day with the condition in



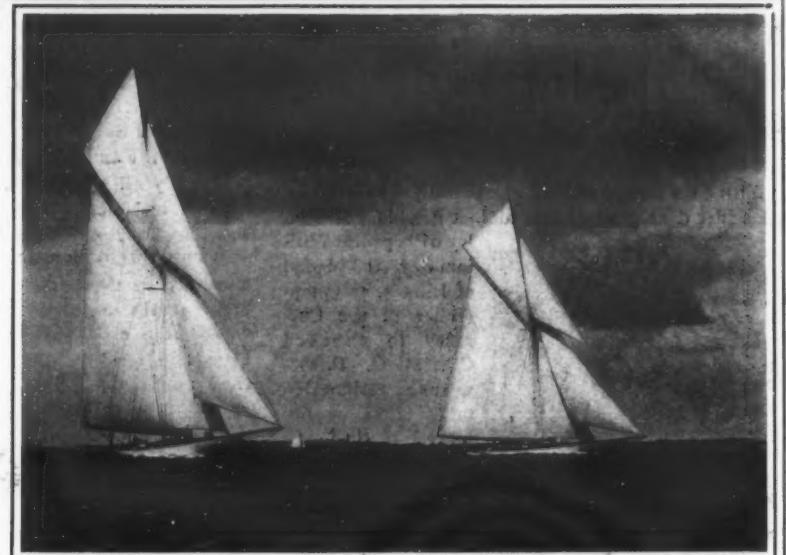
LORD CROMER, THE MAKER OF MODERN EGYPT, NOW AN EARL.



MR. MATTHEW C. D. BORDEN, THE MILLIONAIRE WHO AVERTS STRIKES.



THE "COLUMBIA" AND "CONSTITUTION" AFTER CROSSING THE LINE AT NEWPORT,
SEPTEMBER 2D—PORT TACK.



THE "COLUMBIA" AND "CONSTITUTION" ON STARBOARD TACK, AFTER CROSSING
THE LINE, SEPTEMBER 2D.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND "COLUMBIA" FOR THE HONORS OF THE CUP-DEFENDER.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. A. WALTER.



THE IRISH RIFLE TEAM PRACTICING AT THE 1,000-YARD TARGETS.—Photographs
by F. L. Wilcox, Asbury Park.



LIEUTENANT HOLCOM AND HIS ASSOCIATES.



THE 500-YARD RANGE—THE RIFLEMEN IN FRONT OF THE SCORERS.



THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS WATCHING THE 500-YARD RANGE.

THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT SEA GIRT, N. J.
A GREAT GATHERING OF NOTABLE EXPERTS WITH THE RIFLE AND THE REVOLVER, INCLUDING A TEAM FROM IRELAND.—Photographs by R. L. Dunn.



MOUNTED TROOPS OF COMMANDERY NO. 1, SAN FRANCISCO, WHO WON THE PUNCH-BOWL IN THE MOUNTED-DRILL CONTEST AT LOUISVILLE.



DRILL TEAM OF COMMANDERY NO. 1, OF DENVER, WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE FOR INFANTRY DRILL.

WINNERS OF THE COMPETITIVE PRIZE DRILLS AT THE TRI-CENTENNIAL CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS AT LOUISVILLE.

The Dramatic Season of 1901.



JOHN DREW IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND."



E. H. SOTHERN AS "RICHARD LOVELACE."



THE ROGERS BROTHERS.



JAMES K. HACKETT IN "DON CÆSAR'S RETURN."



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "DON CÆSAR."



HATTIE WILLIAMS, WITH THE ROGERS BROTHERS.



THE SCHOOL-ROOM SCENE IN "TOM MOORE," ANDREW MACK'S NEW PLAY.



KATE HASSETT IN "THE LAST APPEAL."



LEO DITRICHSTEIN, AUTHOR OF "THE LAST APPEAL."



ARTHUR BYRON, LATE WITH JOHN DREW, A NEW STAR.



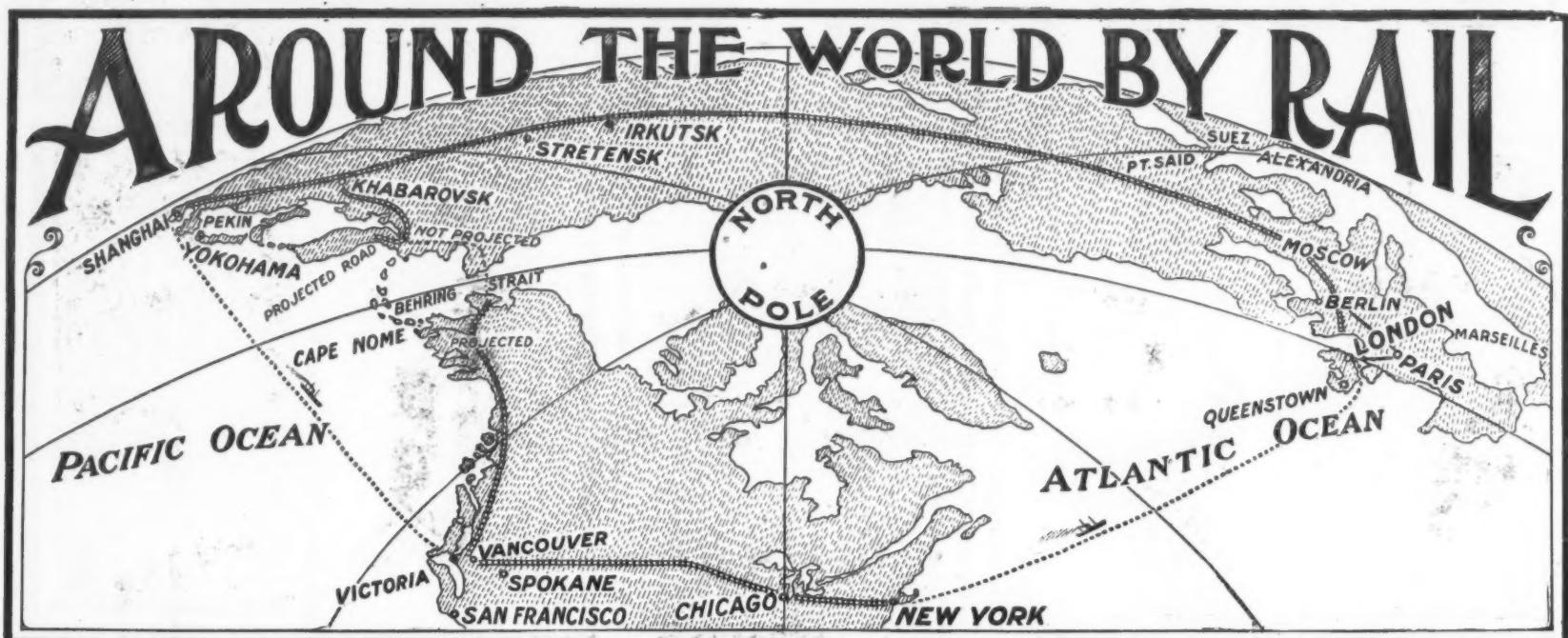
MRS. FISHER, WHO HAS THE MANHATTAN THEATER THIS SEASON.

BERTHA GALLAND, STARRING IN "THE FOREST LOVERS."
Photograph, copyright, 1901, by Falk.

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "CAPTAIN JINKS."



IDA CONQUEST, JOHN DREW'S NEW LEADING LADY.



By the Rev. Peter MacQueen.

THE opening by Russia of a transcontinental railway from the Baltic to the Pacific suggests the near approach of the time when we shall take a through car from New York to Paris. Already, by the Canadian Pacific, one reaches Vancouver without change. The projected railway from Vancouver to Point Nome brings the dream of a trans-mundane railway one step nearer of realization. If the advance of practical engineering should keep pace with our immense industrial progress a railway from Point Nome to Behring Straits ought to be in sight in the next twenty-five years. The Russians have a branch of the Siberian Railway prospected up north as far as the mouth of the Amur River. It would only be necessary to run that railway up through the Kamtschatkan peninsula and we would take a sleeping car from New York to Paris; when the Manchurian line is completed we will be able to stop at Peking on the way.

When one realizes the horror of sea-sickness to a multitude of bright Americans who want to see the great artistic countries of Europe, one can imagine what a relief a railway from America to Europe would be to the traveler. Moreover, our Western country must, in a few years, increase its output of grain and farm products beyond the most sanguine hopes of even the buoyant present. That means an enormous trade with Asia and Europe. With wise reciprocal legislation we ought to have a rich share in the new trade and the new demand of Siberia and China for American goods. All along the route of travel on the Russian railways (especially in Siberia) I noticed that American cotton goods had practically monopolized the Russian market. The great ferry-boat which the Russians have put on Lake Baikal to carry their railroad across that sheet of water is from an American pattern. Although the Czar Alexander III., who founded the Siberian Railroad, wished all the materials to be Russian, I am informed that a vast amount of American steel was used, and that the Russian mark was substituted for ours. On the Manchurian road, a line over 2,000 miles long, there are not only American rails being used, but some of the engineers and prospectors are Yankees. Away down on the Khirgiz Steppe Borderland I met a company of American gold prospectors pushing their way into Mongolia. American plows, rakes, reapers, mills, and machinery are seen everywhere throughout the vast Siberian empire.

All these facts point to the immense importance of the Siberian movement of Russia, as far as we are concerned. Russia and America, having for over a century been traditional friends, are now to be still closer correlated in trade. In one year we have exported a hundred million dollars' worth of American goods into the empire of the White Czar. With our possession of the Philippines and the growing trade of our western ports with Asia and the East, it seems reasonable that a continuous railway from western United States to eastern Asia is among the near possibilities of the twentieth century. The difficulties to be overcome in completing the system through the Alaskan territory and the Kamtschatkan peninsula are certainly very great, but a few years ago, when Mr. George Kennan wrote his first book on Siberian life, a Trans-Siberian railway would have been flouted as the dream of a visionary.

One route of this trans-mundane system is already in sight, but it includes a sea voyage from Point Nome to the island of Saghalien, at the mouth of the Amur River. Saghalien is now the only convict settlement in Siberia.

Though bitterly bleak, it yields a large quantity of furs. The country between here and Behring Straits is inhospitable, but it is one of the richest fur and gold-bearing lands of the world. Gold in large quantities is mined in different parts of Kamtschatka, even where the process of separating the gold is distinctly called "the frozen process," implying that the frost never thaws except at a depth of two or three feet from the surface. Upon the melted earth there grows a kind of scrubby brush called "tundra," but of course anything like farming will be impossible here. If mines should be opened here on a great scale all the supplies of the miners would have to be imported, and this would be a nucleus of trade for a new railway in those desolate regions.

There is a second route, but including a long sea voyage of 6,000 miles—the route from San Francisco to Vladivostok. When I called upon Prince Khilkoff I found him quite enthusiastic over this route. An American railroad man, Mr. Hill, had been in St. Petersburg the same week. The prince dined with him at the home of the American ambassador, Hon. Charlemagne Tower. Their meeting was for the purpose of talking over a line of American steamships from Frisco to Vladivostok.

The resources of Siberia itself have never been explored, much less exploited. According to the recent researches of the Russian government the hills in the Altai and Alatau ranges in the south are crowded with waiting minerals and metals, gold and jasper, amethyst and emerald; as well as the less precious, but more useful coal, iron, and copper. In fact, the Russians have just found out, while other countries like Germany, England, and America are expanding into distant lands, that they can expand into an empire at their door.

The Trans-Siberian road has been engineered so that it runs through the richest part of the territory. The name Siberia stands for all the Asiatic dominions of Russia except Transcaucasia, Transcaspia, and Turkestan. It is at present divided into the following provinces: 1. Western Siberia, including the governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk, in the basin of the Ob River. Its area is 42,000 square geographical miles. The southern part of these regions, lying immediately east of the Urals, stretches far south toward the Khirgiz Steppe Borderland and the region known as Baraba. Over an area twice as large as Japan this West Siberian plain is composed of black earth, and has scarcely a rock or stone. This black earth, or chernozom, is the real treasure of Siberia, and makes the western plain the granary of Russia. Wheat, rye, oats, and barley are grown in large quantities; crops of many fold were reaped last year. The two things that militate against the crops are the late frosts and the want of snow in winter. But when I rode through the wheat-fields a few weeks ago in June, the land seemed as rich and prosperous as Dakota. For hundreds of miles, even up as far north as Tobolsk, at fifty-nine degrees, I saw nothing but grain-fields growing green. Winter wheat is seldom sown, but spring wheat is sown from April 10th. Frosts in the wheat area generally begin in September. The land is tilled by the fallow-land system, that is, one section is sown without fertilizing for ten years, and then allowed to lie fallow for ten years.

The second division of Siberia is called Eastern Siberia, comprising the governments of Yeniseisk and Irkutsk, in the basin of the Yenisei River, and the territory of Yakutsk, away up north, in the basin of the Lena. The area of Eastern Siberia is 132,000 square

geographical miles. The southern and central portions of it are rich agricultural lands. For the last hundred years over a million exiles have been settled in these two divisions of Siberia. Since the exile system was stopped, and regular emigration has set in, they have been the favorite provinces for settlers. Each free peasant is given fifteen desiatins of land. No taxes are paid for the first three years, after which a tax of about two dollars a year is charged. The land, however, remains perpetually the property of his Majesty's Cabinet. This, as far as I can see, will be a great bar to the rapid settlement and development of Siberian land.

The third division of Siberia is called the Steppe country. This includes the two territories of Akmolinsk and Semipalatinsk. They have a combined area of 18,000 square miles. This country lies to the south of the railroad and is famous for its cattle raising and the culture of honey. Part of it is an extensive swamp, which is now being drained by the Russian government. Native tribes roam at will over the steppes. But portions of the territory are being set aside for the use of colonists. The nomads are also guaranteed in their right of occupation, provided they have a permanent winter home. In summer the nomads live in tents and wander, fishing in the many fine lakes that dot the steppes. They also have splendid herds of cattle, but do not engage in general agriculture. The climate of all these Siberian provinces is dry, and I was told that in many districts little snow falls, while in others wind-storms are almost unknown.

The fourth division is called the Amur Littoral region, which includes Transbaikalia, the Amur Territory, the Littoral Territory and the island of Saghalien, north of Japan. The latter is now the only convict station in Siberia. The Amur region covers 53,000 square miles. It is very diversified, and while it has much mountain land it contains the fertile and as yet undeveloped valleys of the Amur and the Angara.

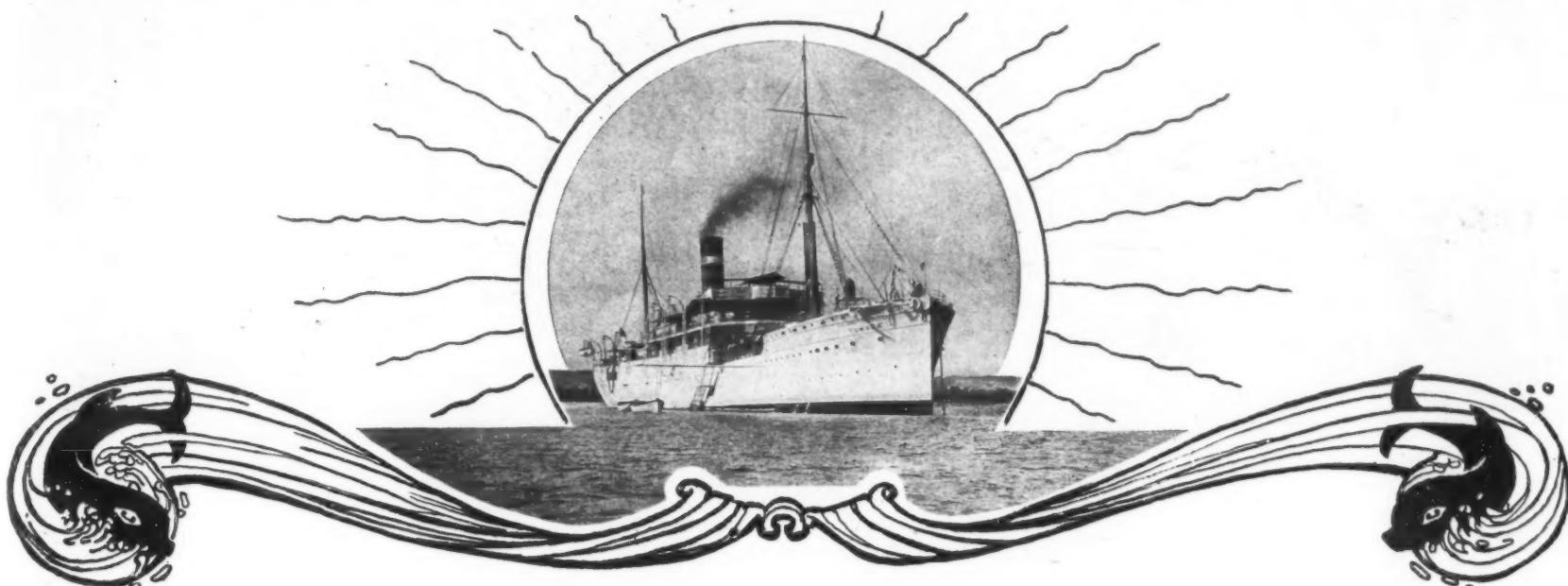
It becomes quite evident to the traveler in Siberia that Russia is paramount in the direction of Manchuria, which borders on the Amur district. Already, after overcoming tremendous obstacles in the building of the Siberian Railway, and after having finished it as far as Stretinsk, at the junction of the Shilka and Amur rivers, the Russians announce that for the present the two thousand versts of the Amur River, from Stretinsk to Khabaroff, will be connected by navigation, and that the railway will diverge from Kaidolovo, on the Transbaikal line, to the Chinese frontier, and thence through Manchuria to Vladivostok and Port Arthur.

The addition of the Manchurian Railway to the Siberian line opens up a rich and prosperous part of China to commerce, and at the same time gives Russia the dominating power in that fertile land. It is only a question of time when a line must run from Irkutsk to Peking. Since the founding of the Russo-Chinese Bank, in 1896, the bank has made an agreement with the Chinese government to build, in conjunction with the East Chinese Railway Joint Stock Company, a railroad through Manchuria to Vladivostok and Port Arthur. (On the Russian maps given me by Prince Khilkoff the projected line extends from Port Arthur to Peking.)

The terms of the contract between China and Russia are that on the expiration of thirty-six years after the completion of the whole line and the opening to traffic upon it, the Chinese government has the right of

Continued on page 239.

Civil Government in the Philippines Severely Criticised.



From Our Staff Correspondent. Sydney Adamson.

(Special Correspondence of *Leslie's Weekly*.)

MANILA, July 20th, 1901.—There has been so much misrepresentation concerning conditions in the Philippines, and there is at present such a determined effort being made to create on paper and in speeches an apparent state of affairs utterly belied by the real conditions, that a plain, unvarnished statement of the conditions as I found them during the visits paid by General Chaffee, his staff and heads of departments to South Luzon and the southern islands, between June 8th and 30th, will assist to dispel the erroneous popular impression and allow all thinking persons to re-form their opinions with regard to the government of this ignorant, semi-savage people.

Any one who has read my previous articles on the Philippines must know that I am not anti-expansion, "ag'in the government," or in any way in sympathy with the more outrageous form of misrepresentation indulged in by the Bryan party or the Boston division of Aguinaldo's army, yet I am constrained to quarrel with President McKinley's present "peace-whether-it-exists-or-not" policy, and to condemn in no mild terms the egotistical manner in which the civil commission is usurping all the credit for the improved conditions, wherever they exist, when to one familiar with the facts the credit clearly belongs to the army.

On our arrival in Manila we found, even among army men, two classes, one class asserting vaguely that "the thing is all over and there is nothing more to do," and another class, better informed, which, though it admitted improvement in certain districts, yet claimed that in many provinces and islands the conditions are just as bad as they ever were, and in some cases worse. On careful investigation the latter opinion proves to be the correct one.

Our first experience on touching at Sorsogon I have already related. Our next port was Legaspi, in Albay. Legaspi is the great hemp port of southern Luzon, and was for over a year after the Spanish evacuation left in undisputed possession of the insurgent Belarmino and his troops. During this year of real native "self-government" everything was taxed outrageously to suit the whims and meet the financial requirements of Belarmino and his gay officers. Life, property, justice—such as it was—all depended on his will. On the 23d of January, 1900, we drove him out of Legaspi, and we are still hunting him in the hills. For all this time he has roamed the country levying taxes and seizing what he requires, while American troops have been powerless to catch him, and American influence weaker than his over the native population. We have opened the ports, and much of the money for native hemp has gone into insurgent pockets. And now, with the insurgent leader and his troops still in the field, large forces of American troops scattered throughout the country sitting on the neck of the insurrection, with no place in the province after a mile beyond Daraga (which lies three miles from Legaspi) in which an armed American can go without danger to his life, or even a party of soldiers without the likelihood of a fight, the civil government comes along and establishes "civil government"—save the mark—over a province which is not yet even under military control! Com-mit is hardly necessary.

What would we think of a man who hired a costly staff in hope that one day he would have a business at present owned and run by somebody else? And yet this

is exactly what the civil commission is doing at the expense of the United States. Hiring civil public servants at good salaries to sit idle, while the military authorities, by reason of the active resistance to or open disregard of American authority, necessarily perform the work, is an unwarranted expenditure of public money. By declaring the civil authority in power it reduces the native respect for the military or actual power, and creates a further injustice by accepting the credit for what the army is still doing, and will continue to do for a year or two more, while in reality these local civil officers are more or less idle and in some cases harmful spectators.

From Legaspi we steamed to Calbayoe on the island of Samar. Even the pro-civil commission people in Manila admitted that Samar is in a bad state. Here we met General Hughes, a thin, quiet man with a shrewd blue eye. He has the reputation of knowing his business. The Filipino general in the field is named Lukban. He is said to have 200 riflemen and 2,000 bolomen. We had the felicity of a conversation with this worthy brother, who is a short, fat, tricky-looking Oriental. His chief line of conversation was to place difficulties in the way of any suggestions made by General Chaffee for a friendly endeavor on the former's part to induce his brother to come in. A few days ago I saw him in the palace. He told me he had tried to see his brother, but that while only one or two days out he was prostrated with a fever, and his companion either deserted him or also fell sick, and he failed to come near his brother. He explained how impossible it would be to catch his brother, the latter being one day here, another day there, and just now no man knows where.

One of the officers at the headquarters neatly described the situation in Samar. "Take a gun, go out and kill the first ten natives you meet, and every one will be an *insurrecto*. With General Chaffee to back him up there is no doubt that General Hughes will conquer these people, and make the insurrection business unprofitable in this island—the ports are closed to trade, and even now the shoe is pinching. It would almost be safe to prognosticate, however, that Governor Taft has a civil-commission-made "self-government scheme" already drafted and in a pigeon-hole ready to be applied the moment that Hughes has succeeded, while the admiring public in the United States will be treated to another "triumph of the civil commission." On close inquiry I find that in every place in which the troops have driven the insurgents from mountain to mountain, burned their villages that acted as bases of supplies, and located the purse and brains of the insurrection—usually finding the latter in two or three of the leading citizens of the largest town—and rendered resistance hopeless, in every such case the native has but one recourse. He is told that the civil commission is coming, and with much circumstance he decorates himself and his village with bunting and American mottoes; he turns out his women-folk in their *fiesta* clothes, and goes to meet the commission headed by a vile brass band. Does the commission believe, and do you people of the United States believe, that the native, just thrashed into submission, has undergone a change of heart? And yet the civil commission would have us believe that it is composed of just such simpletons! Why the Constitution of an American republic, the spontaneous outcome of a movement for greater liberty formulated and carried out by an educated, habitually

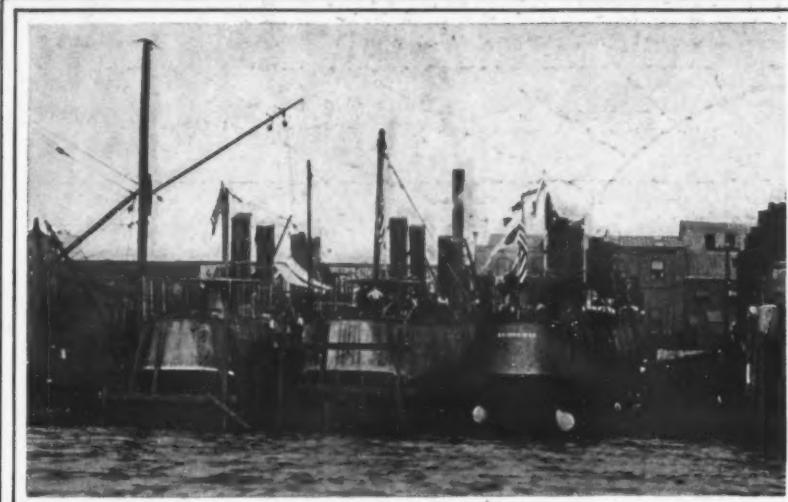
law-abiding English people, should of necessity, even in its fundamental principles, be applicable to the government of an incoherent, polyglot, and traditionally piratical, law-breaking people, is one of the questions which the average American forgets to ask when he insists upon government by the consent of the governed for the Filipino. These phrases mean nothing to this people. The native has no idea of modern civilization, no conception of equality, and alas! but little notion of justice. The latter in his experience means legalized robbery by church or state, by friars, or governors-general. And yet we are told by some that the Filipino—nay, it is urged that even the frowsy Igorrote and the tiny Negrito, with the instincts of a wildebeest, are capable of forming useful citizens in the social fabric framed by men like Benjamin Franklin and John Adams!

The Presidente of Calbayoe, a queer, round-looking, little man, with a grave face and a punctilious manner, said "Yes," "No," and "I hope so" to most of the questions asked by General Chaffee. Yes, he was friendly himself, but some other Presidentes were more friendly to Lukban. Could he not see them and persuade them to come over to the American side? He hoped so. Altogether he was a very circumspect individual, rejoiced in the name of Rufino Pido, and had little to say about his own and less about his neighbors' business. General Hughes did not even know his name, but always thought of him as the Presidente, which shows how much importance the general attaches to Presidentes as a class and to this one in particular.

The next town visited was Catbalogan, Samar Island. Nothing particular was learned here which might throw more light on the situation in Samar. Bogo, island of Cebu, was our next stopping-place. Bogo is a military sub-post on the island and has been occupied by United States troops for nearly two years. The insurgent leader is still uncaptured and in the field with his men. He is said to have fifty rifles, a large number of revolvers, and several hundred bolomen. The people are anti-American and not to be trusted. It is not safe for a single American, even with arms, to go anywhere in North Cebu. Soldiers in bodies varying from three to eight men go out and can take care of themselves. It is unnecessary to say anything further than that this island of Cebu is, and was at the time of General Chaffee's visit, under "civil government" so called.

The *Sumner* next dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of Cebu. One is tempted to linger over the beauty of this old town, its moss-grown fort, and to tell something of the history and legend which seem to hang over every old building. Its modern aspect of busy wharves and shipping, from the tiny *bancas* to the small sea-going steamers, telling a story of trade in hemp, sugar, tobacco, and copra, is nearly related to the subject of insurrection and government. In Cebu, the town, our first impressions regarding the condition of the island were fully borne out. Mr. Hull, Congressman from Iowa, who accompanied General Chaffee on this trip, made close inquiries at Cebu, directly to members of the civil government itself and also to others regarding them. He told me afterward that as far as he could learn the civil government officials drew their pay and did nothing or little else. My own inquiries had elicited similar information. The principal thing which they had accomplished was the turning out of the military headquarters

(Continued on page 239.)



THE "BAINBRIDGE," AT THE RIGHT, SLIDING OFF THE WAYS.
LAUNCHING THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "BAINBRIDGE," ONE OF A FLEET OF THREE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. N. JENNINGS.



MISS BAINBRIDGE-HOFF, WAITING TO CHRISTEN THE BOAT.

A New Naval Terror Launched.

BEFORE the first of November Uncle Sam's navy will be augmented by no less than three first-class terrors of the sea in the shape of that number of torpedo-boat destroyers. The first of these, the *Bainbridge*, was launched at Philadelphia on August 28th. The act of christening the stanch little craft, of which so much is expected, was performed by Miss Louise Adele Bainbridge-Hoff, a great-grand-daughter of the famous commodore, after whom the vessel is named. The *Bainbridge* is 245 feet long, 23 feet beam, and has a trial displacement of 420 tons. She is fitted with quadruple expansion engines, and will carry two 3-inch No. 5 calibre rapid-fire guns, five semi-automatic 6-pounders, and two torpedo tubes. The destroyer will have four commissioned officers and a crew of sixty-nine men. The total cost of the vessel was almost \$238,000. Our illustrations show the three destroyers in line just before the *Bainbridge* slid into the water.

Opening of the Dramatic Season.

JUDGING from the number ready for production and those already before the public which will continue for the present season, the dramatization of popular novels seems to be on the increase. "The Helmet of Navarre," "Eben Holden," "A Gentleman of France," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Forest Lovers," and "Miranda of the Balcony" (a play founded on A. E. W. Mason's book, which deals with modern life in England, Spain, and Morocco), are among the new dramatizations, all of which, with their elaborate stage settings, bid fair to be as popular as the books themselves. "David Harum," to which Mr. Crane will devote his entire season, "Janice Meredith," in which Mary Mannering is starring, "Under Two Flags," and "The Christian" are prominent among the dramas which are to be continued throughout the present season in New York.

James K. Hackett, who has evolved from leading man and star into an actor-manager, is presenting that famous "dramatic gem," "Don Cesar's Return," which has been so revised as to make practically a new play.

Another play which has been revised is "The Bonnie Brier Bush," in which J. H. Stoddart plays the leading rôle. Other prominent new plays to be presented in New York this season are "Madame du Barry," by Belasco, in which Mrs. Leslie Carter will star; "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, with Maude Adams in the star part, of course; "Joan o' the Shoals," by Mr. Hazelton, with Henrietta Crosman in the leading rôle; "The Way of the World," by Clyde Fitch, in which Elsie de Wolfe will star; "Richard Lovelace," written by Lawrence Irving for E. H. Sothern; "A Little Tragedy at Tsin Tsin," by Mrs. Frances Aymar Matthews, in which Grace George has the principal character, and "A Message from Mars," with the English actor, Mr. Charles Hawtry, as leading man, supported by Mr. Charles Frohman's entire London organization. This is the most noteworthy importation of the season, it having had a run of more than two years at the Haymarket in London.

Another new play is "Rogers Brothers in Washington," which opened at the Pan-American with a decided boom, and is without doubt the cleverest farce-comedy and vaudeville hit of the season.

Frequent rumors are heard concerning new plays, as yet unnamed, which have been written for Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Amelia Bingham, and others, but as yet nothing definite has been learned regarding them. Designated by her managers as a "dramatic find" is Miss Kate Hassett, the young "unknown" leading lady in "The Last Appeal," who at one bound has leaped from obscurity into prominence in one of the most-talked-about of this season's attractions. Ethel Barrymore, Virginia Harned (Mrs. E. H. Sothern), Bertha Galland, and William Faversham are among the newest of the new stars. Miss Barrymore will again appear in "Captain Jinks," Miss Harned will star in "Alice of Old Vincennes," dramatized by Mr. Rose. Miss Galland, lately graduated from leading lady into a star, will play the leading rôle in "The Forest Lovers," while Mr. William Faversham's immediate and decided success, supported by Miss Julia Opp, in "A Royal Rival," is generally conceded.

Mr. John Drew, who began his tenth season as a star on the 2d of September, under the management of

Mr. Charles Frohman, in "Second in Command," is sure to go through the season with the same flattering support from the public to which he has been accustomed during the nine previous years of his successful career. Andrew Mack's presentation of "Tom Moore" as a hero of romance is sufficiently realistic to cause lovers of that celebrated Irish poet to dust the covers from long unused volumes of his poetry and read again his choicest gems of literature.

JASON.

An Idyl of the Park.

UPON the well-worn bench they sit
Unmindful of who passes.
Around them sparrows chirp and flit
Among the leaves and grasses.
Along the path that skirts their feet
The babies take their airing,
And refugees from dusty street
Stroll chatting, jesting, staring.

Fond lovers they—within his arm
She nestles all securely.
He holds her fast from stress and harm.
She yields to him demurely.
What matters gibe or sneer—soft skies
Of perfect blue are o'er them,
And seen through one another's eyes
The vista opes before them.

No doubt her gown is cheap; perchance
Her hat no French creation;
But naught is lacking to his glance
Of tender adoration.
And if the hand that covers hers
Is calloused, brown, gigantic,
Her pulse beneath its pressure stirs
With thrill no less romantic.

Some urchins scoff; some sparrows chaff;
A robin carols sweetly;
A couple turns to look and laugh;
A nursemaid smiles discreetly.
And I, in noting the embrace,
A sigh would vainly smother,
For, lo, defying time and place,
Two hearts have found each other.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

If You Feel Irritable

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage, and is an invigorating tonic, soothing to the nerves.

Knowledge of Food.

PROPER SELECTION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN SUMMER.
THE feeding of infants is a very serious proposition, as all mothers know. Food must be used that will easily digest, or the undigested parts will be thrown into the intestines and cause sickness.

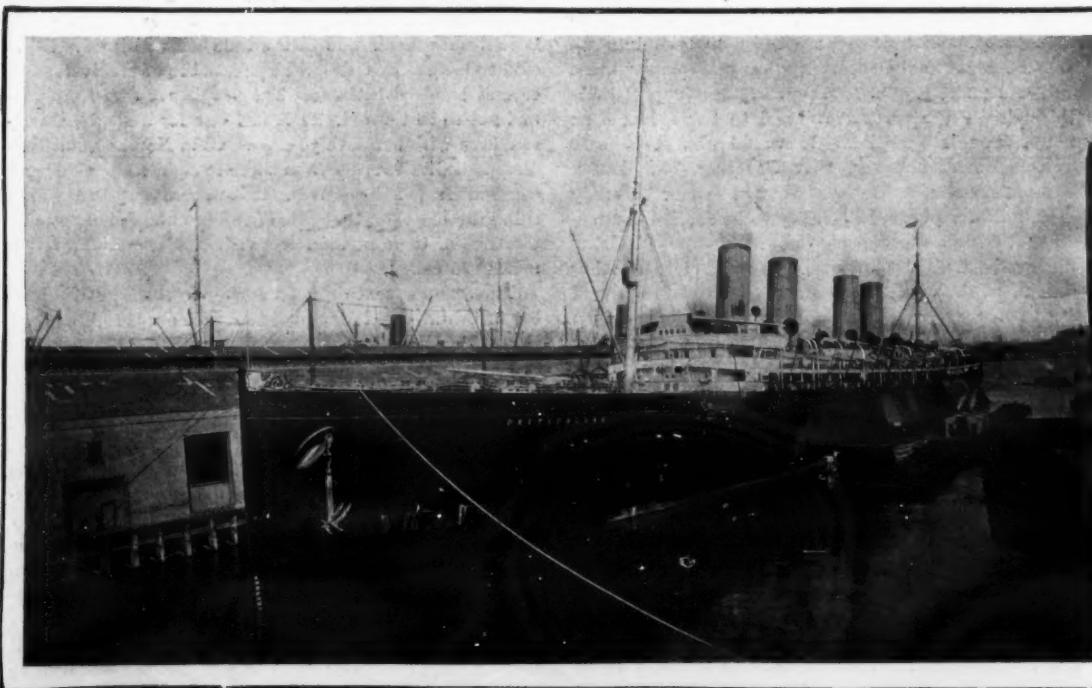
It is important to know that a food can be obtained that is always safe; that is Grape-Nuts.

A mother writes: "My baby took the first premium at a baby show on the 8th inst., and is in every way a prize baby. I have fed him on Grape-Nuts since he was five months old. I also use your Postum Food Coffee for myself." Mrs. L. F. Fishback, Alvin, Tex.

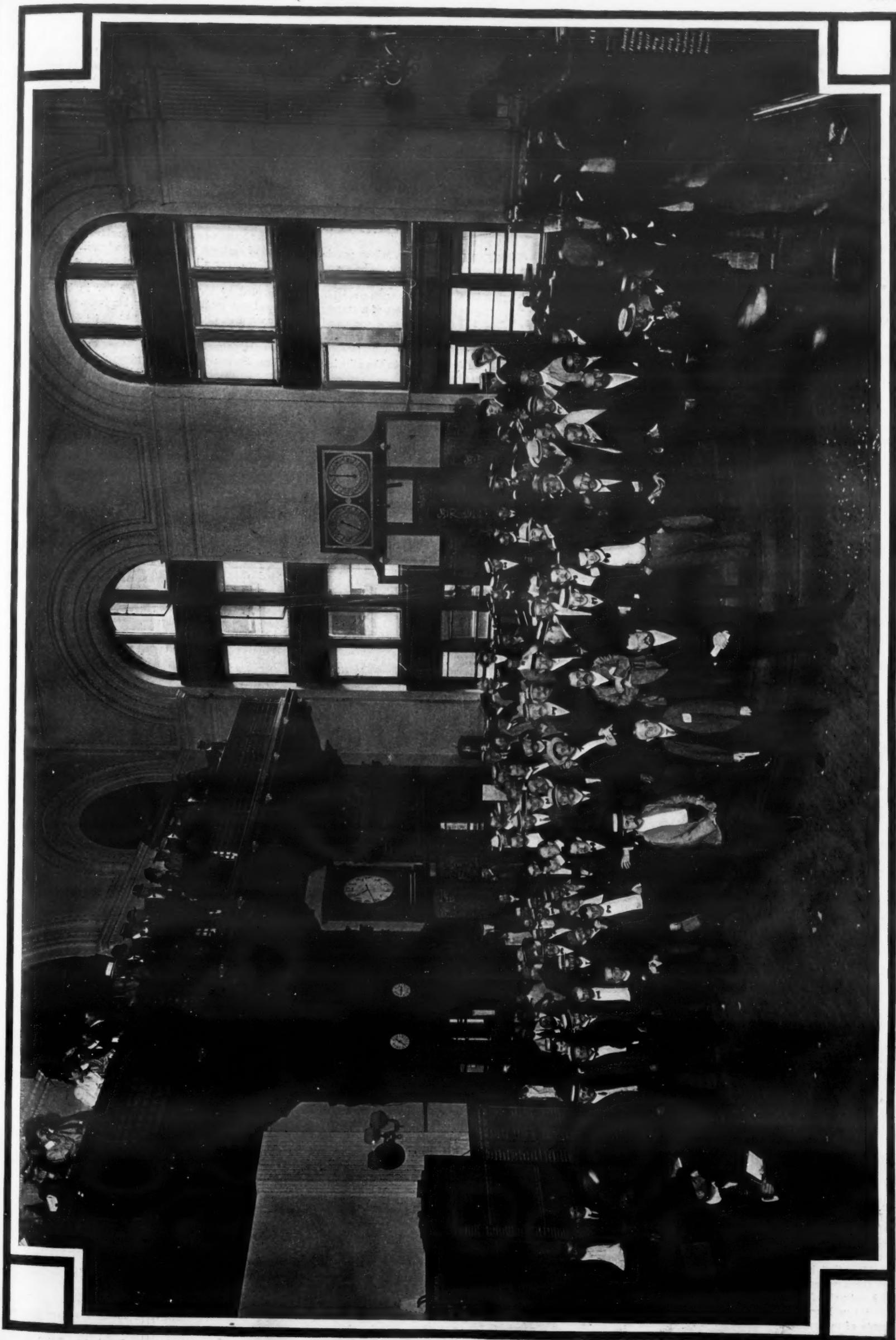
Grape-Nuts food is not made solely for a baby food by any means, but is manufactured for all human beings who have trifling, or serious, difficulties in the stomach and bowels.

One special point of value is that the food is predigested in the process of manufacture, not by any drugs or chemicals whatsoever, but simply by the action of heat, moisture, and time, which permits the diastase to grow and change the starch into grape-sugar. This presents food to the system ready for immediate assimilation.

Its especial value as a food, beyond the fact that it is easily digested, is that it supplies the needed elements to quickly rebuild the cells in the brain and nerve centres throughout the body.



THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER "DEUTSCHLAND," WHICH BROKE THE RECORD—SHE RECENTLY MADE THE RUN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN FIVE DAYS, TWELVE HOURS, AND TWENTY-THREE MINUTES, THE BEST TRANSATLANTIC WESTWARD RUN.



NEW YORK PRODUCE-EXCHANGE MEMBERS AROUND THE WHEAT AND CORN DIALS.

THESE DIALS CONVEY THE CHICAGO QUOTATIONS TO NEW YORK, AND ARE WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

After Many Years

By Ella M. Filkins.

THERE were unshed tears in Sylvia Preston's violet eyes as she perused the dainty invitation, and I heard the tremulous voice saying:

"I know, mother, it is wrong for me to wish so much to attend this party. It is no use to think of it. I have nothing to wear."

Beneath her brave resolve sounded a plaintiveness that implanted in my heart a generous purpose. I scarcely knew how to spare a dollar. My savings for one long year amounted to the vast sum of thirty-five dollars. It seemed so little, that I could scarcely make myself believe that I could take out ten dollars.

Winsome, bright Sylvia Preston was the daughter and only child of the widow lady with whom I boarded. I gave her music and French lessons in part payment for my board; and being the only boarder the small house could accommodate, I was a confidential friend of both mother and daughter, and knew that, like myself, they had known better days, though, unlike myself, there was no bitter tragedy in their past.

Often, when confronted by some need that their meagre income could not meet, we would jest about a rich Uncle Frank in Colorado, a brother of Mr. Preston's whom they knew but little of personally, and whose address they could not tell.

Nobody knew that I intended to give Sylvia the dress. When I had resolved upon this awful extravagance I put the ten dollars in my purse and started to make the purchase. It must be some dainty white material, I decided, for that was the cheapest. I would make it myself, and packed carefully away in my trunk there were some pearls that I had kept as a relic of happy days that were mine when I was Sylvia's age.

I worked in the secrecy of my room early and late, but it was ample recompense to see the surprised delight upon Sylvia's face when I called her to my room on the afternoon of the eventful day and introduced her to the finery spread out upon my bed.

She was all dressed for the party. I had twined pink roses in her hair, and arranged every fold of her dress, before I summoned fortitude to take the pearls from their box. Then, crushing back my pain with a desperate resolve, I opened the case, saying, as carelessly as I could:

"I have some pearls here, Sylvia, I am going to lend you for this evening."

"Oh, how pretty, and how odd!" she exclaimed. "I never saw pearls set in such a unique pattern. Were they made to order, Miss Anna?"

"Yes, they were a gift to me, years ago, when I was your age, Sylvia. The giver designed the pattern himself. I think I shall never lay aside mourning, and probably never wear jewels again. These are only appropriate for fair young girls like you, dear."

Then, fearing to be questioned, I clasped the necklace around her throat, fastened the bracelet and brooch, and talked hurriedly of the party and the pleasure I hoped she would have, till our servant girl came to act as her escort. When she kissed me good-night she whispered, with an earnest emphasis, "God grant that you may be happy yet, dear Miss Anna," and went away with a wistful look in her violet eyes that questioned my face.

A rush of old-time memories came upon me as I fastened my door and turned to my mirror to see what my face had betrayed to those questioning eyes. I had so thoroughly stepped from out the present into the past that the reflection I saw startled me. A small, frail figure; a face that had once been called beautiful, that now was colorless, set with deep lines of mental suffering and heart-pain, framed in a heavy mass of dark auburn hair; eyes large, hazel brown, and full of sadness; habiliments of mourning augmenting the sombreness of the reflection.

"Oh, Sylvia, not for me your whispered blessing.

"You drink from out your cup
The sweetest wine;
I have but bitter dregs
And lees in mine."

A memorable night seven long years ago from my mirror had smiled back at me a face radiant with hope and joy, a form robed in écrù faille, with corsage bouquet of rich red Jacqueminot roses. Upon my neck and arms was my betrothal gift of pearls. I was happy in an acknowledged love that was reciprocated.

Below, in my father's spacious parlors, where guests were already assembling, one waited for me. The sound of his merry laughter was consonant with his joy at the prospect of claiming me in a few short weeks for his bride. I left the room to preside as hostess of a stately mansion upon this betrothal festival, without one cloud upon my heart. I came back at midnight, hopeless and heartbroken.

My father had unconsciously drifted into the alluring

burden of my disgrace; that I should bless him and pray for him forever, and bade him farewell.

My friend received me with open arms and a kindly sympathetic heart. When I had rallied from my utter prostration sufficiently to teach, she exerted herself to procure me pupils in music, and I soon had a class that brought me income ample for my modest needs. The six years that followed I had a home in my friend's house, she alone knowing that Miss Anna Brown was the missing Bertha Ralston advertised by her relatives, more to save their own reputations than from any interest in her fate.

My sudden and mysterious disappearance created a sensation, no doubt, for a time; then my relatives forgot my existence.

My friend and benefactress came to feel that my presence in her home was a comfort and solace to her. Within a period of eighteen months her two bright and interesting children, her all, died of diphtheria, a shock from which she never rallied.

Prompted by my sympathy for her in her bereavement and my gratitude for her kindness to me, I lost no opportunity of bestowing upon her every attention possible. She was wont to say, "My dear, what a blessing you are to me!"

When the weary heart had given up life's struggle I realized what a blessing she had been to me. With a new sorrow to bear, I took up my abode with Mrs. Preston and Sylvia.

I was still sitting brooding over the past, unconscious of the passing hours, when I heard Sylvia's return from the party. Then I retired to sleep and dreams, in which I was again a joyous, happy maiden, bedecked with garlands of orange blossoms, intermingled with strands of pearls.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

I was awakened the following morning by a tapping at my door, and Sylvia's voice saying:

"Miss Anna, please let me in. I've something to tell you." I opened the door at once.

"Oh, Miss Anna, my Uncle Frank has come! He was at the party. He is coming to lunch with us to-day, and wants to see you. Make haste and dress, as he'll come early, I'm sure."

"Wants to see me?"

"Yes. Do hurry up, Miss Anna."

"But what can he possibly want of me?"

"To thank you, I guess, for sending me to the party. He knows that I could not have gone but for your kindness. I told him all about it. That the pearls were yours, too."

"Oh, well, that will keep. Excuse me this morning, my dear Sylvia, and I will be introduced the next time he calls."

Only half satisfied she went down stairs. I began wearily to dress myself. The past night's vigil had left its traces upon my spirits as well as in my eyes, and I felt in no haste to leave the quiet of my room.

I heard the door-bell ring, followed by the bustle of an arrival. In a few moments Sylvia came, with this extraordinary message:

"Uncle Frank says he must see you,

Miss Brown."

"Well, I'll come, then," I said, thinking it an old gentleman's whim, and not worth a discussion. I sat for a few moments longer, then went down stairs very slowly.

It was painful to me, of late years, to meet strangers, feeling, as I did, to some extent like an impostor, and I did not want to be thanked for Sylvia's dress. I was half inclined to turn and run away again to my own room, before I had reached the foot of the stairs.

As I looked through the half-closed door before entering I saw a group in the parlor that arrested my footsteps. I could not stir. There was no venerable, white-haired gentleman, such as I had pictured this Uncle Frank, now standing with Sylvia at the window. This man was tall and handsome, and in the full vigor of young manhood. He was saying:

"Those pearls you wore last evening were very beautiful. I—I saw a set like them once. They are very odd. Miss Brown's, you said?"

"Yes. She lent them to me for the evening."

"She—she bought them of some one, did she not?"

"Oh, no. They were a gift to her from a friend, who designed their setting."



"I have some pearls here, Sylvia, I am going to lend you for this evening."

stream of speculation, trusting that the ebb-tide would leave him upon an eminence from which he might sow broadcast kindly charitable deeds, that in their growth would bury beneath them footprints of the false steps of his early manhood.

He was notified that night of the turning of the tide, in which his business was wrecked, and he was summoned as an embezzler to face a tribunal of law and justice.

His reason succumbed to the shock, and, in the midst of the gayety, from the library there rang out the sharp report of a pistol. My father lay dead by his own act. His sinful deeds could only be passed upon henceforth by the one Great Judge. And I was alone.

No mother to share my grief and shame, and no sister or brother to lighten it. Mine was not a stoical nature that could bravely face such trouble, so I shut myself up alone until the funeral, refusing to see even Frank.

In a distant city I had a friend to whom I dared confide all, and under cover of night, making many useless changes, to mislead those who might seek me, I went to her, leaving behind me a letter to Frank, in which I told him that I absolved him from the fulfillment of his vows to me, which would release him from sharing the

"Thank God!" he said, much to Sylvia's astonishment.

I could endure it no longer. Trying to steady my steps, I went to him.

"Bertha, my darling!" That was the cry of my faithful lover, as he clasped me in his arms. "Mine, mine again, after many years," he murmured.

To me it seemed like the fulfillment of a beautiful dream, and I accepted it, like one in a delirium, too happy to speak.

"But," said Sylvia presently, "what is it all?"

"She is my betrothed wife," he answered, in a voice broken with emotion, "whom I have sought for seven long years, but will now keep till death parts us."

"But why didn't you tell us, Miss Anna?" Sylvia asked.

"How could I know that your Uncle Frank was my Frank?" I said. "And now, how is it? Your name is no Preston, Frank?"

"No, but my half-brother's was."

"Why, to be sure," said Mrs. Preston. "We never told you that Frank was only a younger half-brother. His name is Wentworth."

When at last we were alone, Frank told me that dear, dead father's name was cleared. Upon a thorough investigation of the business affairs of the firm it was found that the guilty one was not my father. There was still left a small sum carefully invested for his only child, should she ever return to A—.

We had a quiet wedding in the spring. Sylvia was my only bridesmaid. We returned to A—, and in my old home, with Sylvia and her mother, whom we brought with us, I now preside, the happy wife of my first, only love.

Around the World by Rail.

(Continued from page 234.)

redemption, repaying the company for the capital and the debts contracted for the needs of the railroad, with interest. After a period of eighty years, during which time the line is to be exploited by the company, the Chinese government is to take gratuitous possession of the railway and its plant. The head men, officials and engineers, of the Manchurian road are Russians, and the main office is in St. Petersburg. But the workmen are mainly Chinese, of whom 100,000 are now at work.

The route that would join Paris and New York by rail runs from Paris to Berlin, from Berlin to Warsaw, from Warsaw to Amur, from Amur to Behring Straits, thence to Vancouver and on to New York. The journey to Paris would be about eighteen thousand miles. The termini of the Siberian road are St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Moscow. In the time-tables all Siberian trains are shown to be connected with these three points, although Moscow is usually thought of as the beginning of the road. The sub-divisions of the Siberian Railway are in detail as follows: From Moscow to Batraki, on the west bank of the Volga, the Syrza-Viazma Railway, 992 versts (verst is .68 of a mile); the Samara-Zlatoust line, from Batraki to Zlatoust, in the Urals, 906 versts; Zlatoust-Cheliabinsk line, 151 versts. This much was finished before the Trans-Siberian part was begun, and therefore the real Trans-Siberian Railway runs only from Cheliabinsk to Vladivostok.

From Cheliabinsk the following sections of the Great Siberian Railroad are finished or projected: West Siberian, from Cheliabinsk to the Ob River, 1,329 versts, opened October 1st, 1896; Mid-Siberian section, Ob to Irkutsk, 1,715 versts, opened for traffic January 1st, 1898; Tomsk branch, 89 versts, to Tomsk University, opened January 1st, 1898; Irkutsk-Baikal branch, 64 versts, to Lake Baikal, finished 1899; Trans-Baikal to Stretinsk, 1,035 versts, opened 1900; there are 2,000 versts of river travel from Stretinsk to Khabaroff, and then the North and South Ussuri sections to Vladivostok, finished and started running in 1896-7, and aggregating 721 versts.

The lines not finished, but now under construction, are, first, a branch from Kaidalovo, in Transbaikalia, to the Chinese frontier, 325 versts; then the Manchuria Railway through Manchuria, 2,500 versts, and, lastly, a branch of 110 versts from the Manchurian frontier to Vladivostok. This latter route is going to be the real overland line between Moscow and the Pacific. It is, approximately, 8,000 versts from Moscow to Vladivostok by the Amur River. The Russians promise us a shorter route through Manchuria. When all the present plans are finished there will be 10,000 versts of railways uniting European and Asiatic markets. The Russians promise to reduce the journey from London to China from thirty-four to sixteen days, and the cost from \$250 to \$100. The revenue of the line already amounts to \$8,000,000 a year. The expense has been nearly two hundred millions. The following figures illustrate the enormous increase in traffic on the West Siberian road: In 1896 it conveyed 160,000 passengers, 169,000 emigrants, and 10,500,000 puds of various goods; in 1898 it carried 379,000 passengers, 195,000 emigrants, and 30,000,000 puds of goods. These products are skins, animal products, cereals, and even manufactured goods.

The government has been busy organizing churches, hospitals, and schools along the route of the Siberian road. In one town of 30,000 inhabitants I was shown fifty public institutions of charity and education. The new university, established in 1896 at Tomsk, has already about one thousand students. It is designed to be the centre of culture for Siberia. I met several of the students, and found them interesting and intelligent men. They are greatly interested in American ideas and ideals.

It is sometimes thought that there was a good deal of American iron used in the bridges and rails, but Prince Khilkoff informed me that the engineers were all Russians and the material was all home manufactured. The prince is the imperial minister for ways of communication. He told me he was anxious to establish friendly relations with America and to meet the Americans in any project they might undertake of running steamships from San Francisco to Vladivostok. "I am known," he said, "as the friend of America." This was the spirit I found throughout all Russia. Everywhere the people and their rulers are alike anxious to be our friends. These great new plans of peaceful conquest will change all Asia, and very likely bring what the Czar so much wanted at The Hague, a universal and lasting peace. America and Russia are naturally friends; the Russians resemble our people more than any other European nation. If wise and reasonable councils prevail both nations will benefit by the traditional friendship which has united them.

Civil Government in the Philippines.

(Continued from page 235.)

from a good, large building, in which its departments were organized, and the occupation of the building for its own use.

Tagbilaran, island of Bohol. This town is built on a small plateau approached from the creek by steep roads and stone steps. As a sample of civil government this place is probably the most interesting that we visited during the whole trip. Every member of the civil government admitted that the place is in no condition to be handled by a civil body. Even in the town itself the officers in broad daylight do not care to go around alone, and at night, even in twos and threes, they move about little and with caution. To walk down the streets toward the outskirts at any time is courting attack by bolo or rifle. Every member of the civil government said that he dared not leave his house after dark for fear of assassination, without an armed guard. In plain words the local civil government officials are worse than useless. Not only are they powerless to do anything in the way of governing, but their presence interferes with the military authorities in the proper handling of the situation, and creates the necessity for an increased guard in the town.

Pedro Samson is the insurgent leader in Bohol. Recently he was to surrender, but somehow he did not and things have taken a turn for the worse. He is said to have barely one hundred rifles with him, but as all the people of the island seem to side with him he can gather any amount of men and bolos. We picked up this information in scraps until the Fiscal, a half-breed Spanish native arrived. He is a little tricky, untrustworthy-looking man, who contradicted himself several times during the searching inquiry which General Chaffee conducted. In the large room of the military headquarters a considerable number of local celebrities had gathered to meet the general. Congressman Hull sat near General Chaffee, while the Fiscal, the padre, and about twenty natives completed the group. In the background, near the windows, some of the American members of the local civil government sat, and several staff officers remained during the conversation. An interpreter was found, and it will not be amiss to detail a few of the statements which I jotted down in my note-book at the time.

The Fiscal.—"The civil government can pacify the islands in two months if they have the authority to negotiate and are backed up. At present the civil government is threatened in its houses and can scarcely dare to be seen out."

General Chaffee.—"Then the civil government, it would appear, can do nothing at all. As we understand it, a civil government never calls upon the military forces unless in case of grave necessity."

The Fiscal here interpolated that the military authorities and the civil government in Tagbilaran are already "at points," as he expressed it. This was afterward denied by the American members of the civil government, which would lead one to believe that even within that body entire harmony does not exist.

The Fiscal.—"There must be either military government or civil government, not both."

General Chaffee.—"Very well. Can the troops be withdrawn and, in that case, can the civil government assert its authority and control the people?"

The Fiscal.—"Not at this time. After two or three months it might be done if peace were first proclaimed."

General Chaffee.—"Who is to establish peace, and how is it to be done?"

The Fiscal.—"By augmenting the force to support the civil government."

General Chaffee.—"Then, I think, what he means is, that troops shall go with members of the civil government everywhere to guard their houses and so on."

Explained by the interpreter.—"Need more troops in towns to defend threats."

General Chaffee.—"Does he think we need more troops in the island?"

The Fiscal.—"There are not enough troops in the island."

General Chaffee.—"Where do you want more troops?"

The Fiscal.—"You need more troops to make a general advance in the interior. Not for garrison. The small bodies that

go into the interior are always avoided. A large force is needed, so that the insurgents cannot escape."

General Chaffee.—"Can cavalry operate all over this island?"

The Fiscal.—"No. There are mountains and very thick woods in part."

General Chaffee.—"Then in two or three months we could scour the whole islands?"

The Fiscal.—"In much less time. The insurgents have never been really attacked in force, and, therefore, they think they can keep on evading us to all time."

Then for a time the conversation turned to more general subjects. It was learned that Bohol is a fine cattle island, and largely supplies Cebu. Sugar, hemp, and coconuts are the staple products. The Fiscal had been bemoaning the fate of the poor villagers who are molested by the insurgents. The general asked him what the people did to protect themselves against the insurgents.

"Nothing. Having no arms they either hide or put out to sea in boats."

"Have they any police force?"

"Only eight or twelve men in each town."

General Chaffee expressed his pleasure at having spoken with the Fiscal, advised that the civil and military governments and the people all work together, as the islands could not prosper under existing conditions. The padre was next interviewed. He is a Filipino, a native of Cebu and a young, smooth-faced, not very innocent looking native.

General Chaffee.—"I want to know what the padre preaches."

"The padre has preached peace ever since the American forces arrived. By permission of the military authorities a message was sent out by the church, urging the people to seek peace with the Americans. There are thirty-five churches in the island."

General Chaffee.—"Are the people of the islands not usually very religious and pay great deference to the church?"

The Fiscal.—"Yes; very religious and very careful in the reading."

General Chaffee.—"Then, are those people not openly disobeying the church?"

The padre and Fiscal (together, *fortissimo*).—"His teaching only reaches the people in towns."

General Chaffee.—"Could the padre go all over the island, without being molested?"

"Yes; up to this time the church has not been molested."

General Chaffee refrained from making the padre any more uncomfortable, but it was obvious that neither the padre nor the Fiscal—who seemed to be good friends—were enjoying themselves very much, and they appeared relieved when the general cleared the room for private business with his officers. I learned further that if the people in the town of Tagbilaran did not pay tribute to the insurgents they would be killed. Fiscal and native Presidente even are said to be in league with the insurgents, and pay to have their lives spared. These statements were soberly made by American members of the civil government and by military men of this post.

Truly, this Tagbilaran in the island of Bohol revealed the strangest muddle that we came across in our tour for information: A civil government, avowedly impotent; the white members openly distrustful of the brown; the brown members claiming friction with the military authorities, a claim which was in turn denied by the white members, who accused the Fiscal of lying. The civil officials afraid to leave their houses after dark; a reported plot to murder the officers, and one circumstance that is a disgrace to the district commander and to General MacArthur for allowing such folly, viz.: a gallant captain, of excellent character and splendid service, suspended from active duty here for burning a group of houses from which his troops were fired upon! His crime is the breaking of this published order, which is both idiotic and criminal: "If fired upon from native houses, the officer in command is required to advance and ascertain whether such fire is delivered with the consent of the property-owner or not, before ordering his troops to return it."

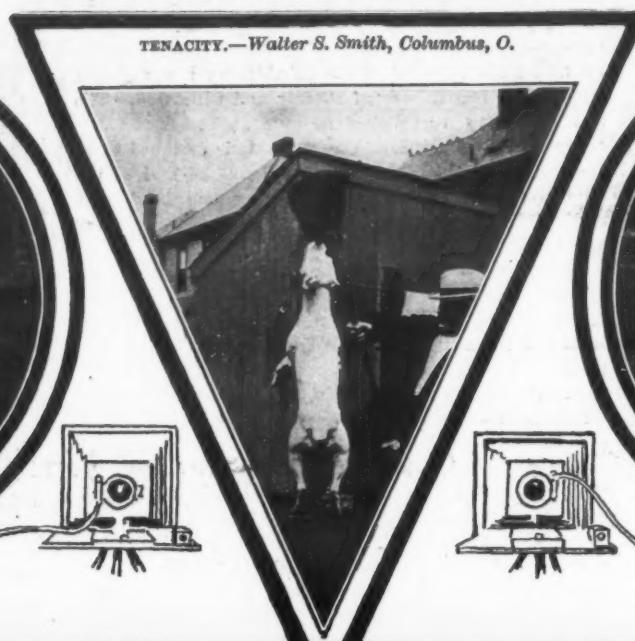
One brave young officer has lost his life already in obeying this insane command. Captain Rowan did the sensible thing—returned the fire and burned the houses, and now he has a court-martial pending. In the name of heaven, when will you people of the United States wake up from your maudlin sentimentality about these natives, cease to sacrifice American lives, whip the creatures into subjection first, then rule them, govern them—call it what you will—but do so with justice and mercy, until such time—if that time ever arrives—when they may be able to look after themselves? The Constitution is not fit for them nor they for the Constitution. They are not fit to be subjects of the United States and they are not capable of governing themselves. Neither do they need to be exterminated. They need to be ruled, ruled with a firm hand, and thoroughly whipped like children when they disobey. Give them justice, liberty under law, and all that prosperity can bring, but cease to credit them with those Western characteristics which make independent republics possible, and which no Oriental peoples possess.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

THE HAND-BOOK OF RAILROAD SECURITIES, compiled by the publishers of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, has been issued. This little book gives the gross and net earnings for a series of years of the railroads, together with the interest charge, so that at a glance one can see the surplus over charges. There is a monthly range of stock and bond prices for 1900 and to July 1st of this year; also the yearly range since 1895, and the highest and lowest prices for the first half of 1901. Another table shows the dividends paid during each of the years 1895 to 1900, inclusive, and to July 1st, 1901. The statistics cover not only the railroads, but the leading industrials.



A SCRAP.—Mrs. T. P. Robinson, Orlando, Fla.



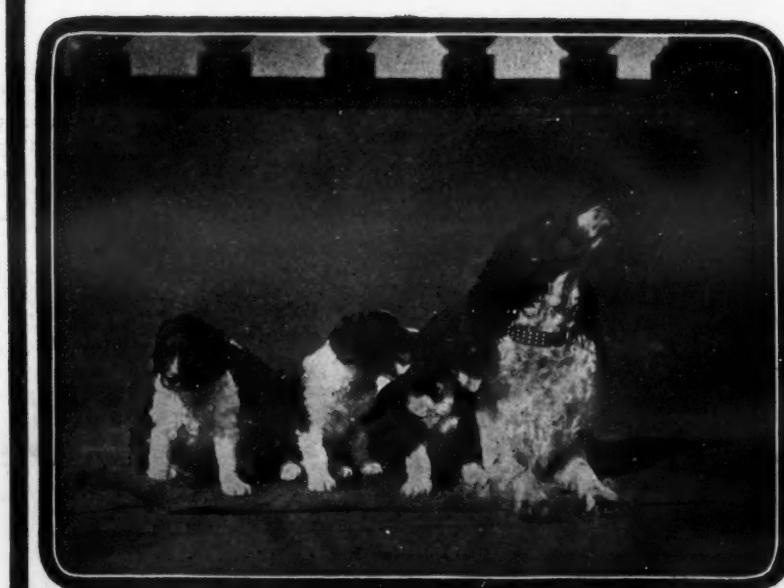
TENACITY.—Walter S. Smith, Columbus, O.



"SPEAK!"—Marion W. Goddard, Worcester, Mass.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) BREAKFAST!—Robert E. Lee, New York.



A PRETTY FAMILY.—P. H. Henckel, New York.



TRILEY, SOUTHBORO LADY, AND ROSE, FAMOUS BULL TERRIER PRIZE-WINNERS.—Charles A. Hinckel, Albany, N. Y.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC DOG SHOW—NEW YORK WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)



A CONFERENCE AT CALBAYOG, BETWEEN GENERALS CHAFFEE AND HUGHES AND LUKBAN'S BROTHER.

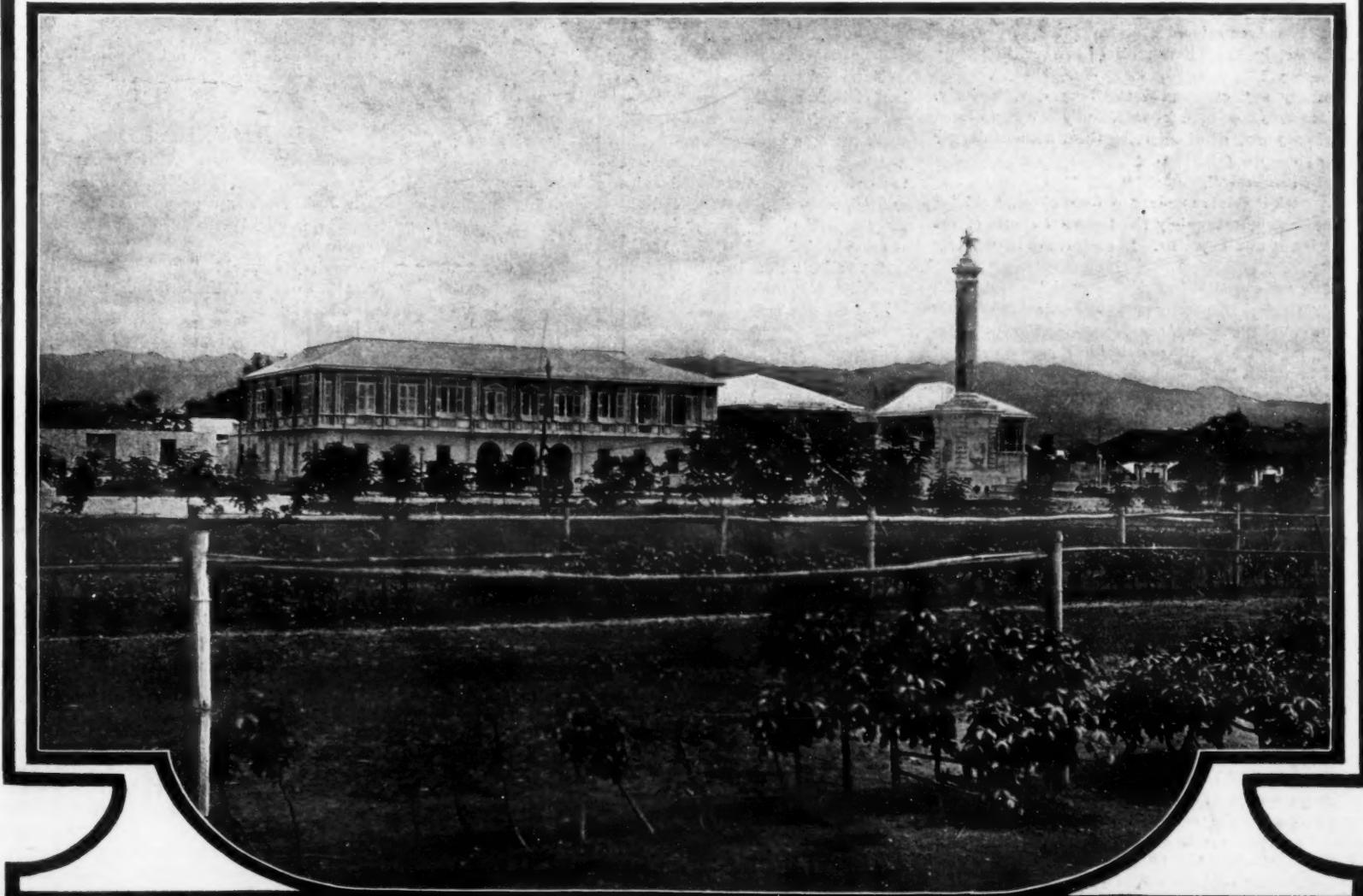
THE PRESIDENT OF CALBAYOG.

CAPTAIN HUTCHESON INTERVIEWING NATIVES IN TAGBILARAN, ONE OF THE WORST TOWNS.



GENERAL CHAFFEE GOING TO GENERAL HUGHES'S HEADQUARTERS AT CALBAYOG.

PART OF THE PRO-INSURGENT POPULATION OF TAGBILARAN.



THE PLAZA AT CEBU-CEBU, SHOWING THE OFFICES OF THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT WHICH WERE TAKEN FROM THE MILITARY.

GENERAL CHAFFEE TAKES MILITARY CONTROL OF THE PHILIPPINE SITUATION.

HE FINDS THAT CIVIL RULE IS NOT ALTOGETHER SUCCESSFUL.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY SYDNEY ADAMSON.—[SEE PAGE 225.]



THE WHEEL AS THE FARMER'S FRIEND.



Another Phase of the Labor Problem.

"I BELIEVE," said the young woman, as she took the chair that was offered her, "that you have had some experience in the settlement of labor disputes."

The lawyer answered in the affirmative.

"You are the legal adviser of several labor unions, I understand," she went on.

Again an affirmative answer was given.

"Well," she said, coming directly to the point, "I am tired of my job."

"Then why don't you give it up?" he asked.

"Ah, there's the point," she replied. "I don't want to give it up; I simply want the conditions improved. I want more leisure and more money."

"Have you made a demand for this?"

"Repeatedly."

"And it has been refused?"

"Not directly, but I have received neither the leisure nor the money."

"Precisely so," commented the lawyer, reflectively. "Your demands have been ignored, and you wish to learn if there is any method of enforcing them without danger of losing your place?"

"That's it exactly."

"May I ask if you are under any form of contract?"

"I am, but unfortunately the financial clause of the contract is not at all specific. In fact, it is distressingly indefinite."

"That's unfortunate, but not unusual," asserted the lawyer. "Capital frequently gets the advantage of labor in this way, but there are other effective methods of gaining a desired end. Is your position in the establishment an important one?"

"Decidedly so."

"To fill it satisfactorily requires training and experience?"

"It does."

"That," said the lawyer, "simplifies matters considerably. Experience is hard to replace, and most men know it. Have you threatened to quit?"

"Yes."

"And the answer?"

"Was, 'There are others.'"

"Are there?"

"Plenty of them. They don't know as much about this particular job as I do, but I am satisfied they would jump at the chance to get it in the expectation of acquiring a knowledge of the necessary details later. That's where the trouble comes in. I could bring him to time mighty soon if he couldn't get some one else to take the place. That's why I came to you. I want to find out how I can keep others away if I quit."

"There are ways of discouraging them," answered the lawyer with a knowing smile. "It has been done in other cases and no doubt can be done in this. May I ask what kind of a position you hold?"

"I am a wife," said the young woman.

"A—what?" demanded the startled lawyer.

"A wife," repeated the woman. "Don't you see, if I just go about it in the regular way and get a divorce, why he'll get another wife, and then where will I be? Now, in the labor world I notice people throw up their jobs and prevent other people from taking them, so that they

finally get back under improved conditions. Why can't I?"

The lawyer shook his head dubiously.

"I might get a divorce, you know," she explained, "and then 'picket' the house and keep every one else away until he'd be mighty glad to have me back on my own terms."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't work," said the lawyer.

"It does with other people," she insisted.

"But the circumstances—"

"Are precisely the same," she interrupted. "They want more money and more leisure, and so do I. They quit to get it; why shouldn't I? They make trouble for any one who supplants them; why shouldn't I? If they can throw up a job and still keep a string tied to it, why can't I? Of course there are lots of inexperienced girls who would be so glad to get the position that they'd take it on almost any terms, but why can't I sit on the doorstep and 'argue' with them, or follow him from place to place and warn them? A man who has once had a wife never will be without one if he can help it, but there is such an extraordinary amount of raw material in the market that he can usually make one without serious trouble or delay. Now, if I could create an artificial shortage, so far as this particular man is concerned—"

"But the law," interrupted the lawyer.

"Won't permit it, eh?" she inquired.

"I'm afraid not. However, no doubt we can make a case that will enable you to break your contract and give up your place."

"Well, I guess not," she answered. "It may not be the best position of its kind, but it's a whole lot better than none. I'm going right back to the house and hold on to it, but I don't think much of your law. It's mighty unjust—that's what it is! It may look out for some people all right, but it leaves the highest class of skilled labor unprotected. I'd be ashamed to have such a law, so there now!"

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

The Driver's Point of View.

THE hotel coach was filled with a crowd of happy, jubilant visitors, and the horses toiled splendidly up the hills. As each eminence was reached, and at every turn in the road, the crowd would burst forth into cries of wonder and delight at the magnificent scenes which burst upon their view. The mountain Jehu alone preserved a dignity and silence which rather awed the others. At length, after a particularly lovely view had been passed, one of the guests at the driver's left hand remarked:

"You don't seem to take much interest in the scenery. No doubt it's an old story to you."

The driver shook his head. "No, that's not it," he answered; "I just don't care." Then he leaned a little closer and whispered, "But I know just how you folks must feel. You all come from a long distance just to see things, and you're bound to enjoy it anyhow, so as to get your money's worth and not feel as though you was cheatin' yourselves. Oh," said this driver in a superior tone, "I don't mind it when I understand how 'tis."



"Now, Johnny, if you don't make less noise I'll call—

The SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

—the bogey man."

It Was His Turn.

WHEN Mr. Neverwell came down to breakfast one morning recently his face wore that sadly drawn-down expression indicating that something was wrong with his physical man, and when he drew up to the table he gave vent to a slight sigh. When his coffee and cakes were set before him, he dallied for a time before eating, but at length began slowly to put away a comfortable meal.

As he was finishing his third cake he chanced to observe that his wife was not eating.

"What's the matter, love?" he inquired.

"I'm not feeling well."

"What! You're not sick, too, are you?"

No reply being offered to this useless query, he continued:

"Now, that's too bad; it is really. I'm disgusted—no, I'm sorry. But what's the matter with you, anyway?"

Mrs. N. said she had a headache and was short of appetite.

"Bosh, every bit!" exclaimed Mr. N. "Why, you just must feel better at once—immediately. Understand?"

"How strangely you talk, Henry! What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. N., his voice sinking into the sigh key, "that I'm sick myself to-day. It's my turn. You were sick yesterday, you know, and I've everything arranged at the office, and I just can't put it off now. Try and brace up, love."

Mrs. N. smiled through her pain and said she'd try.

Hard To Understand.

LITTLE Jane, aged six, was a terror for asking questions. A neighbor died and Jane wanted to go in and see the remains. She solemnly agreed to ask no questions. When she came home her mother said, "Did you keep your promise?"

"Yes."

"Did you say anything?"

"I only just said I should not suppose that just loosening the judge's soul out of him would have made such a change in his looks."

He Hadn't Been Dead.

'SQUIRE WHITE was very ill with fever, and at the crisis was reported dead, though instead, he lived through it. Uncle Josh, meeting a neighbor of the 'squire's the next morning, inquired with due solemnity when the funeral was to be.

"The 'squire's funeral? Why, he isn't dead!"

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Josh. "He ain't dead? Nor hain't been?"

Matchless.

SHE is a matchless beauty,

And that she can't forget.

A match to make she's tried for years,

But all in vain, so it appears

That she is matchless yet.



When Stonewall Jackson Was Rattled.

By General H. Kyd Douglas, of General Jackson's Staff.



"Jackson . . . hailed him with this sharp order: 'Drummer, beat the long roll.'"

You ask me to tell you my recollection of the startling incident at Port Republic, Va., in 1862, in which, in subsequent history, Stonewall Jackson has been made to appear in such varied melodramatic and amusing attitudes.

It was on the 8th of June, a bright and beautiful Sunday morning. The light before "Old Jack" had ordered that the troops should remain quietly in camp on the Sabbath day, and the chaplains hold religious services.

His intention was devout, as ever; but it was not the only time that this doughty Christian soldier was either interfered with, or interfered with his own pious purposes. His army was encamped at Port Republic, on the west side of the South Fork of the Shenandoah River, facing the north and Fremont's army. Just there the South Fork divides into north and south branches, and in their angle lies the little town of Port Republic, which was connected with our army by a traveler's bridge across the north branch.

The south branch, unbridged, was fordable. General Jackson had his headquarters at the house of Mr. Kemper, not far south of the village. This, with all caution, was unnecessarily risky. Fremont was facing and had had an engagement with Jackson's troops under Ewell, and nearly all of our army was facing him.

Shields with his army was supposed to be advancing along the east side of the South Fork of the Shenandoah, and General Jackson, on Saturday night, had sent some cavalry to watch them and report.

On that balmy Sabbath morning, before eight o'clock, the solemn stillness which seemed to reign about headquarters was broken by the report that Shields's cavalry was approaching and would soon be at Port Republic, between Jackson and his army. It was startling news, but the sound of shots soon gave it confirmation. The general, who was sauntering about in the morning sunshine, with his "Little Sorrel" grazing in the field, started off as soon as possible with Pendleton and myself.

Pendleton was sent ahead with orders to the troops. Others of the staff followed with disastrous delay. We actually passed in review of Shields's cavalry, and Jackson could have been easily captured, with a little more alertness on their part. I recall distinctly the salutes of carbines as I passed over the bridge just behind him. Crutchfield and Willis, the next of the staff, were captured, and Dr. Hunter McGuire only escaped by turning back. No others of the staff tried the gauntlet with Old Stonewall, but took a position of masterly inactivity at a proper distance in the rear.

What Jackson did and what he did not do, has had as many different versions as the imagination and humor of the several eye-witness reporters have been able to invent. The fact is, the general crossed the bridge with the celerity of a John Gilpin, and made for the first commanding hill. Seeing the enemy's gun approaching in the east mouth of the bridge, he peremptorily ordered it across!—for he would not believe me that it was a Yankee gun. A vicious shot from it brought conviction to him by tearing up the earth about us. Just then Poague, with a piece from his battery, got into position near Jackson and in a twinkling a fierce shot from him in reply silenced the hostile gun, while Culbertson with the Thirty-seventh Virginia came to hand with a shout, dashed across the bridge, routed the enemy, and spoiled all their sport.

In connection with this "bad half-hour," some amusing things really occurred, although not as many as have been told.

When Jackson had scurried across the bridge and was mounting the hill he spied what in his excitement he took to be a drummer-boy, and hailed him with this sharp order:

"Drummer, beat the long roll!"

Now, this startled "drummer" was none other than Robert E. Lee, Jr., the youngest son of our commander-in-chief, and a private in Poague's battery. He had been down to the river washing some of his clothes, and was struggling up the hill with them on his back in a camp-kettle. Bob Lee never disobeyed an order, and doubtless he tried to obey this urgent one from "Old Jack," but whether he succeeded in beating the *long roll* on a camp-kettle full of wet clothes he has never been able satisfactorily to explain.

This recalls an incident in the battle of Sharpsburg-Antietam, when this same young fighter (he was a lad of sixteen at the time), still in the same battery, stopped to salute his august father as his battery passed on its way to stay the fearful advance of Burnside. Seeing the boy so begrimed with the powder and dirt of a day's fight that he was scarcely recognizable, the old general returned "Bob's" salute smilingly, and hurried him on after his company on an attempt desperate and forlorn, had not A. P. Hill arrived just in time.

A generation which has seen field officers and staff officers, and even general officers, created at the wave of a magic political wand will not find it easy to believe that the son of General Robert E. Lee, and his namesake, was allowed to remain a private in the ranks until he fought his way to promotion. But such was the case, and no one thought it extraordinary, in those days.

I have stated, previous to the above digression, that Crutchfield and Willis, of Jackson's staff, were captured at Port Republic. Crutchfield got away when the enemy were driven across the river. Willis also escaped the next day, it is believed through the instrumentality of Belle Boyd, the so-called Confederate spy. I had known her since we were children, and it being reported in the Union lines, as it was subsequently in the press, that I was the captured staff officer, she used her influence to have me so placed and attended that I might be permitted to escape. By this Willis profited, and came in next day. Miss Boyd told me the particulars afterward when I met her. Only recently have I seen an article in a Chicago paper describing how I was wounded and captured at the bridge, how General Jackson rode up and inquired bluntly of my captors what that crowd was doing there, and how he was with equal bluntness told that they were attending to their own business, and that he had better go on and attend to his, p. d. q.; how that as he rode off my captors were startled at my amusement that "a Yankee lieutenant should curse Stonewall Jackson to his face and order him to attend to his own business"; and how a few minutes afterward they found he was attending to it with a vengeance.

That some one committed a grievous blunder on the Federal side, and that otherwise Stonewall Jackson would have been captured or shot, there can be no question. There is scarcely an incident of the war that has furnished more amusement; not one that might have been more fatal to the Confederates. As it was, the 8th and 9th of June saw two bloody battles, in each of which Jackson was victor, and there at Port Republic he closed his renowned Valley campaign with a clap of thunder.

It is well known that the dispute between General E. B. Tyler and General Sprigg Carroll, as to where the blame should be laid for that capital error, did not end with the war.

I came to know both of these officers well, a little later. When badly wounded at Gettysburg, and in a prison hospital, General Tyler treated me with great kindness, and was my friend until his death. The last time I saw General Carroll was in 1888, when I was a

candidate for Congress. He came on the stand from which I was to speak, at Tacoma, shook hands cordially, and said he had only come to tell me that he had never in his life voted for but one Democrat, General Hancock; that he would vote for me, but never again for another. He took his departure amid laughter and applause.

I have no doubt he kept his word. He died shortly after.

New Mexico's Numerous Stone Idols.

(Continued from page 246.)

is found so extensively in the volcanic regions, and is most easily worked. One small idol, in human form, is of material so light that it will float on the surface of water. They vary greatly in size, the largest being over five feet in height, while the smaller ones do not exceed a finger's length. The great majority are crude representations of human figures, but there are also images of quadrupeds of various kinds, and also of birds. The largest specimen of this ancient sculpture is that known as the "Stone Lions of Cochiti," in which the animals are each six feet long and surrounded by an absolutely circular wall, like some of the druidical remains in England; but they are carved from the solid rock, and, while a most important and interesting relic of ancient fetish worship in connection with the chase, yet they are immovable and cannot be classed among household gods.

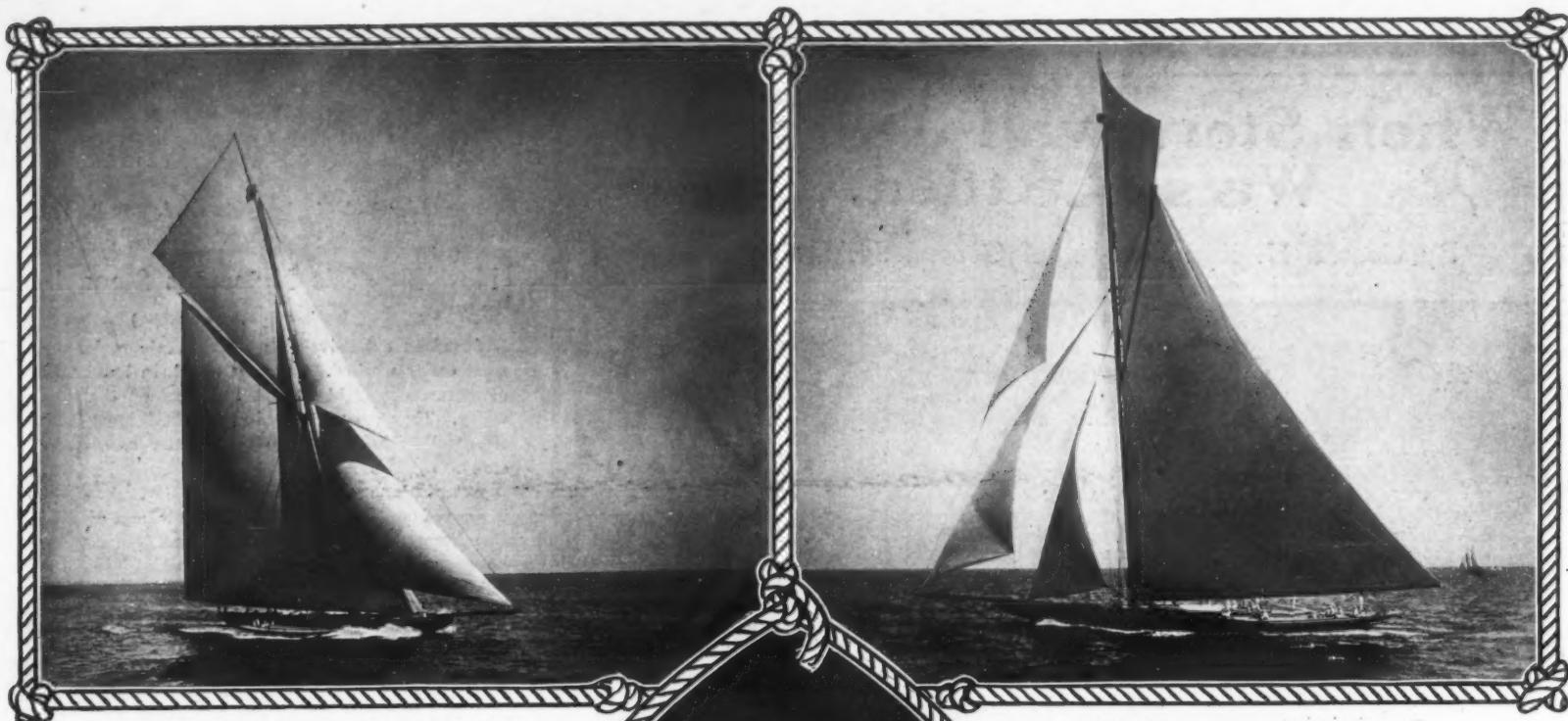
The great majority of the idols which have been excavated are in the collection which I have succeeded in making during the last eighteen years, the result of almost unceasing labor in exploration and excavation, and a large expenditure of time and money in all localities which gave promise of containing such historic treasures. A large part of this collection is available for public inspection in the rooms of the Historical Society in the old Palace, at Santa Fé, and some of the most interesting smaller specimens are on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

The most of the images were individual idols, the objects of personal and distinct adoration; but in a few cases groups have been found, prepared for combined arrangement before an altar, and analogous to some of those still used in the more secret ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians of to-day. From these modern representatives of the race we can learn something, though, unfortunately, but little, of the significance of the various peculiarities or markings of the idols. For instance, one which has a large circular protuberance on the breast, we are told, is the God of Benevolence, as shown by its "great heart"; and in others the peculiar positions of the arms and hands have special significance.

The idols of the most usual type are shaped like an ordinary square wooden post, varying from two feet to five and a half feet in height; the upper part representing the head, with eyes, nose, and mouth; the remainder of the body being decorated with lines, sometimes horizontal, more often diagonal, and occasionally arranged in geometrical figures. These are all of tufa. Those of another type are a long oval, the upper part representing the head, and the arms being carved in three or four different positions; a small portion of these, also, have carved legs. Another peculiar type, of which none were found until fully ten years after the excavations began, consists of heads only, with no bodies whatever. These vary in size, from a diameter of three or four inches to specimens much larger than the ordinary human head. On some of these the features are quite elaborately carved, with a variety of expression that is often as amusing as it is interesting. Some of these heads are flat, while others are globular and of great weight. A year ago a few specimens of a new variety were discovered, with ornaments resembling crowns on their heads, and were instantly christened "the crowned idols." Less than twelve of this class have been found in all, down to this time.

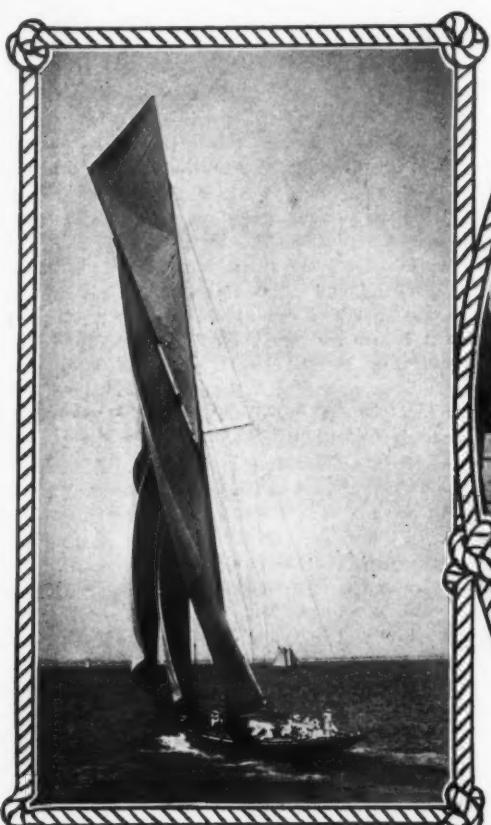
As previously suggested, none of these idols are ever found in the ruins of the large number of Pueblo towns destroyed or deserted about the time of the revolution of 1680, and which are those most accessible and usually visited. They only exist in the ruins of cities destroyed centuries ago, while the aboriginal religion was universal and before any destruction or hiding of idols had occurred as a consequence of the introduction of Christianity. We may, therefore, with certainty fix the age of every such stone idol at not less than three hundred years, and many of them are, no doubt, very much older. Their varied types not only represent different localities, but different phases of advance in art in the same locality. No more interesting relics of the ancient civilization of America have ever been discovered within the limits of the United States. L. BRADFORD PRINCE.

WHILE we have the profoundest respect for the venerable ex-Senator who has just been telling the country that our acquisition of Porto Rico was a terrible mistake and that it will load us up with all sorts of difficulties, we have not an atom of respect for that particular opinion. That may sound like a paradox, but it isn't.

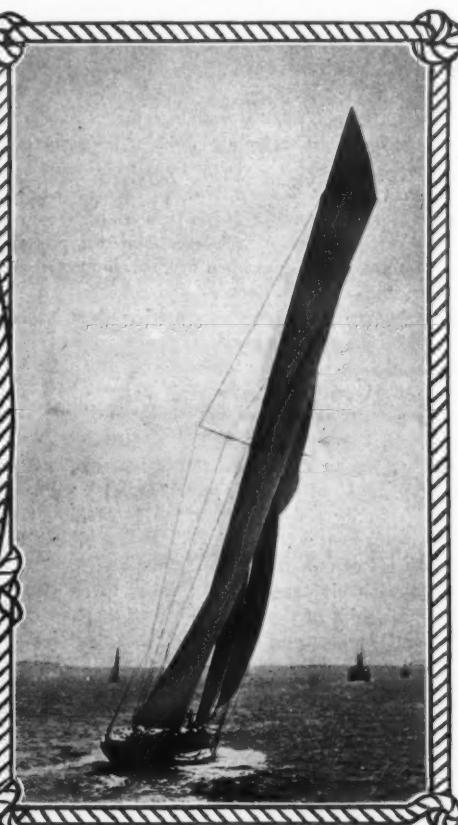


THE MARVELOUS FIT OF THE "SHAMROCK'S" SAILS.

A BROADSIDE VIEW OF "SHAMROCK II."



FORGING AHEAD, WITH THE WIND OVER THE STARBOARD QUARTER.

LIPTON CONVERSING
WITH A FRIEND.THE TOWERING MAST OF "SHAMROCK II."
CLOSE HAULED ON THE PORT TACK.

SIR THOMAS, AMID A GROUP OF GUESTS, INCLUDING MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

"SHAMROCK II., THE CUP-CHALLENGER, AND HER OWNER.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST, H. L. DUNN.



14. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. 15. O. H. P. Belmont. 16. John R. Livermore. 17. Mr. August Jay.
SPEEDING AROUND THE NEWPORT TRACK.

In the World of Sports

Sloan and His Motors.—Tod Sloan, the famous jockey, posing as the manager of a professional bicycle rider and automobile chauffeur, is in a distinctly new rôle for even the ever-verdant Tod. Tod has returned to this country bringing with him a couple of foreign motor cars and Fournier, the rider and chauffeur, who captured the race between Paris and Berlin. Of course Sloan has not abandoned the saddle for the automobile, although he intimates that he contemplates an American branch for the manufacture of a certain foreign automobile. Sloan believes that the powers that be on the English turf will remove the ban from him next year, and if this is done he expects to be riding again in England. He does not seem to care particularly about riding in this country. Sloan expects to make the trip between New York and Buffalo and to take part in other automobile contests during the year. Unless some friendly power is behind him in his new fad the jockey will find that running racing automobiles will require a king's ransom to pay the freight. Fournier gave an exhibition at the Madison Square Garden the other night which made the hair of the spectators stand on end. The track at the Garden is ten laps to the mile and the highest point of the banking is at least twenty feet from the floor. It does not require much imagination to figure out the appearance of this immense wooden dish. When a motor tandem is going at full speed the tops of the heads of the riders can be seen by those standing in the centre of the garden. With three or four of these motors flying about the track the sight is one which fills spectators with wonder. The motors look like infernal machines, emitting little flashes of blue light as they circle the track.

Peter F. McNally, a Boston newspaper reporter, is endeavoring to swim from the latter city to New York. Mr. McNally entered the water at the Charlestown bridge Sunday afternoon, September 1st, and expected to reach the Battery, New York, in thirty days. He is accompanied by two attendants in dories. McNally intends to swim during the day and rest nights, making landings at con-

venient points. Nearly 2,000 people cheered the intrepid young man as he entered the water and began his long swim, and hundreds of others applauded him along the water front as he passed out into the bay. It is McNally's intention to hug the south shore and await favorable weather before rounding Cape Cod. McNally's reputation as a long-distance swimmer is world-wide. Two years ago he attempted to swim across the English Channel, and, when in sight of the French shore, collapsed. He once swam from Boston to Nantasket Beach, a distance of over twenty miles. He has a number of medals for life-saving and is an all-round athlete. Should McNally succeed in his attempt he is promised a rousing reception in New York.



PETER F. McNALLY, SWIMMING FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK.

International Athletics.—The coming games between the athletic teams of Yale and Harvard on one side and Oxford and Cambridge on the other to be held at Berkeley Oval promise to be unusually close and exciting. National pride would, of course, promise an easy victory for the American colleges, but knowledge of facts and records would indicate one of the closest of international contests we have had in years. Of course the games will be well worth witnessing, but from a purely sporting point of view how much better would be a meeting between the best college amateurs from each side of the Atlantic. There are few national champions on either team. The Englishmen are believed to have the better runners in the half, mile, and two-mile runs. Clapp, of Yale, and Converse, of Harvard, ought to do well in the hurdles. Still athletic critics admit that the contest ought to be close throughout, and they will be satisfied with a victory for Yale and Harvard even by the narrowest margin. That the Englishmen will be shown every courtesy and, if they can, and do win, they will be applauded just as heartily as if our own lads were the victors, goes without saying.

Women Golfers.—The West promises to send three and probably more women golfing experts East this year to take part in the championships which will be held at Baltusrol, N. J., in October. Miss Bessie Anthony, the Western golf champion, will be one of the party, and those who have seen Miss Anthony play this year say that she has improved in her game and that in spite of the poor success of the Westerners to date she will make a bold bid for the trophy. Miss Anthony is a member of the Glenview Golf Club, and recently reduced the record on the Exmore Golf Club course, near Chicago, from 98 to 96. Friends of Miss Genevieve Hecker, however, believe that the woman champion of the Metropolitan Golf Association will be more than able to keep the championship in the East. Miss Hecker was taught the rudiments of golf by George Strath, former professional of the Dyker Meadow Club, and she has copied his style

admirably. Miss Hecker, unlike most women golfers, plays a long ball, having the stroke of the typical Scot to a greater extent than probably any other woman golfer in the country. The average woman is given to short, choppy swings, which retard her real progress toward golf perfection.

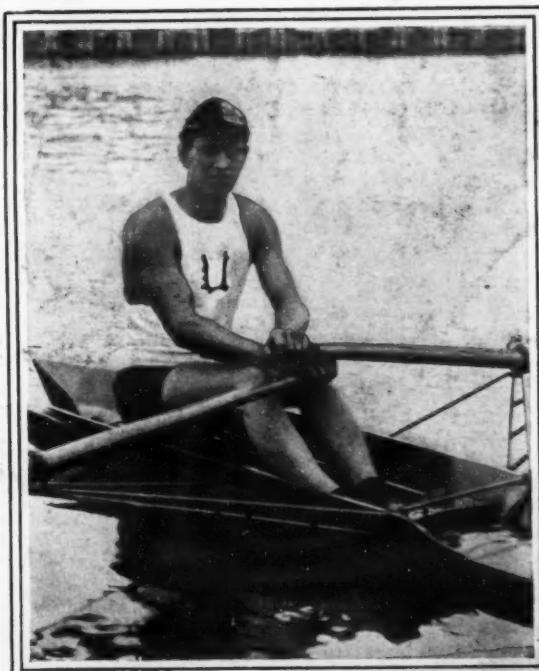
Sporting Classics.—The great American public is fond of classics and will spend its money without stint to be present. This applies to horse racing, foot-ball, trotting, automobiling, tennis, golf, prize fighting, and to practically every branch of sport. And yet the records will show that the results in classics are generally disappointing. This was particularly true of the recently-run Futurity, captured by John E. Madden, that most astute turfman, with Yankee, the mighty son of Hanover and Correction. Yankee certainly has the breeding and Mr. Madden is ambitious to send him to England and enter him in the English Derby next year. If an American-bred colt by that magic name should win the English classic a cheer would go up which would ring from Boston to San Francisco. W. C. Whitney is credited with owning a part interest in Yankee, as he does in Blue Girl, so the defeat of his costly Nasturtium was not as galling as it would have been otherwise. That A. Featherstone, who rode Yankee, should receive \$9,000 for allowing O'Connor to ride the winner, illustrates the liberality of American turfmen of the present day.

Automobiles on Tracks.—It did not require the automobile tournament at Newport recently to illustrate the fact that the big machines cannot be raced successfully on the ordinary running or trotting tracks. This was shown at Guttenburg and Trenton a year ago. At Newport the track was even worse, as it was only half a mile in circumference. To successfully race the big machines on a mile track the turns will have to be banked in the same proportion, or more, as they are thrown up on the bicycle tracks. Otherwise the wheels will skid at the turns, making speed dangerous in the extreme. There is some talk of building a track of this sort out on Long Island, and W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and other members of the Automobile Club of America are said to be behind the scheme. Society is interested in the machine, and so long as that interest does not lapse, the expense will not count.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.



MISS BESSIE ANTHONY. WESTERN GOLF CHAMPION.



C. S. TITUS, WINNER OF SENIOR SINGLES, MIDDLE STATES REGATTA.



PRINCE CHUN, IN HIS IMPERIAL CHAIR, PASSING UP NANKING ROAD FROM THE STEAMER AT SHANGHAI.
Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly."



PRESIDENT SHAFFER ADDRESSING A GREAT AUDIENCE
AT CASCADE PARK, PENN.

The Journey of Prince Chun.

THE Emperor's younger brother, Prince Chun, a youth of nineteen years, has set out on his mission of apology to Germany. It is unique in the history of China that one of royal blood should travel beyond its borders, or even far from the imperial court. Very possibly this departure from the conservatism of the past marks the coming of an epoch of Chinese progress and development such as hitherto has been unknown. It is believed that one so near the Chinese throne cannot come into contact with Western nations and return without an acceptable influence being exerted on the future of his own country. Those who have come into contact with the prince have been much impressed in his favor by his quiet, unpretentious, and unassuming manner, his intelligent and attractive appearance, and by the evidence which he shows of the dignity and solemnity with which he regards his present mission. With admirable taste he has declined to countenance any festivities or demonstrations in his favor, maintaining that his travels should be shorn of all these until he has executed his mission. When that shall have been completed, he has been invited by the foremost governments, including our own, to visit their shores, and it is to be hoped that he will thus extend his journey and assimilate valuable lessons in human progress. It should be remembered that all the terrible experiences of last year were opposed to the Emperor's desires. The latter was practically a prisoner in the hands of the Empress Dowager, and thus, in visiting the Western nations, Prince Chun represents a monarch who is predisposed to ideas of modern progress, and one who, so soon as his hands are loosed, will amply demonstrate them. He represents an Emperor who, if he could, would have prevented all the tragedy and bloodshed, the memory of which is still fresh in our minds, and for this reason, if no other, the hearts of the Western people should warm

toward this youth of royal blood who has set out upon such an eventful journey.

Prince Chun's arrival at New York may be expected in a few weeks. It is the talk of Chinatown, and the wealthy merchants of that quarter will contribute liberally for a great Chinese celebration, in which millions of fire-crackers will be exploded as the prince is escorted from his steamer along the principal streets to the Waldorf-Astoria. The Chinese consul hopes to have 5,000 Chinamen in the procession. Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese minister, will come on from Washington to welcome the prince, and city, State, and national officials will be asked to be present. Nearly two dozen mandarins and Chinamen of high degree accompany the prince, who is only nineteen years old. His wedding is announced to take place after his return to China, but the members of his suite, all with high-sounding titles, are still eligible.

New Mexico's Numerous Stone Idols.

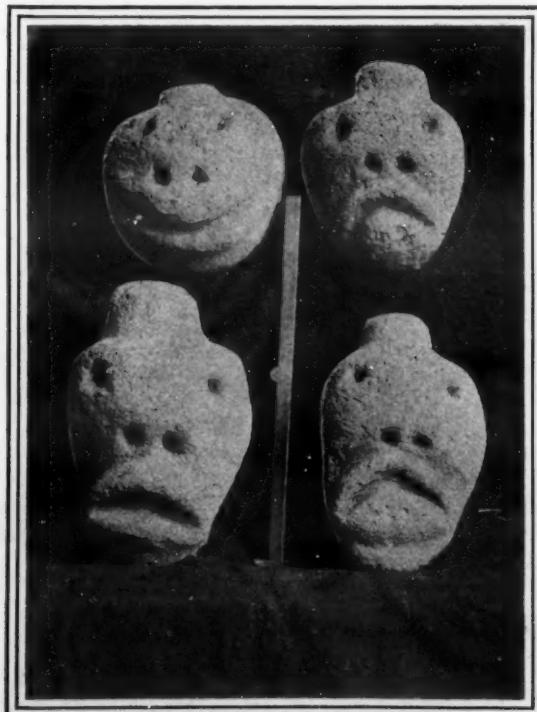
EVERY one is familiar with the great stone sculptures of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America, either from pictures or from the excellent casts of some of the most important in our leading museums, and, perhaps, may remember that Prescott tells us that the humblest dwellings before the invasion of Cortez were furnished with little graven images, which were their household gods. But that any such stone idols exist in the United States will be news to the generality of readers. And yet the migrations of Toltecs and Aztecs were from the Northwest, and those moving nations tarried for long years on their pilgrimages in Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, and not only left many an enduring monument of their sojourning, in the vast ruins which astonish the traveler in those regions, but a part of their own people remained when the main bodies passed on to the South, and their descendants are still seen in the Pueblos of

New Mexico and the Moquis of Arizona. So that among the ruins of the deserted cities of New Mexico, which were once the centres of this vast population, we might expect to find stone images somewhat analogous to those of Mexico. And history bears out this idea, for Antonio de Espejo, the first Spaniard to give us a description of New Mexico from any but a military standpoint, in the narrative of his celebrated expedition in 1583, tells us that "many idols which the Indians worshiped were found in this province," and repeatedly alludes to the fact in his descriptions of various localities, that "the inhabitants worshiped idols," or, "they worshiped idols in the manner of their neighbors."

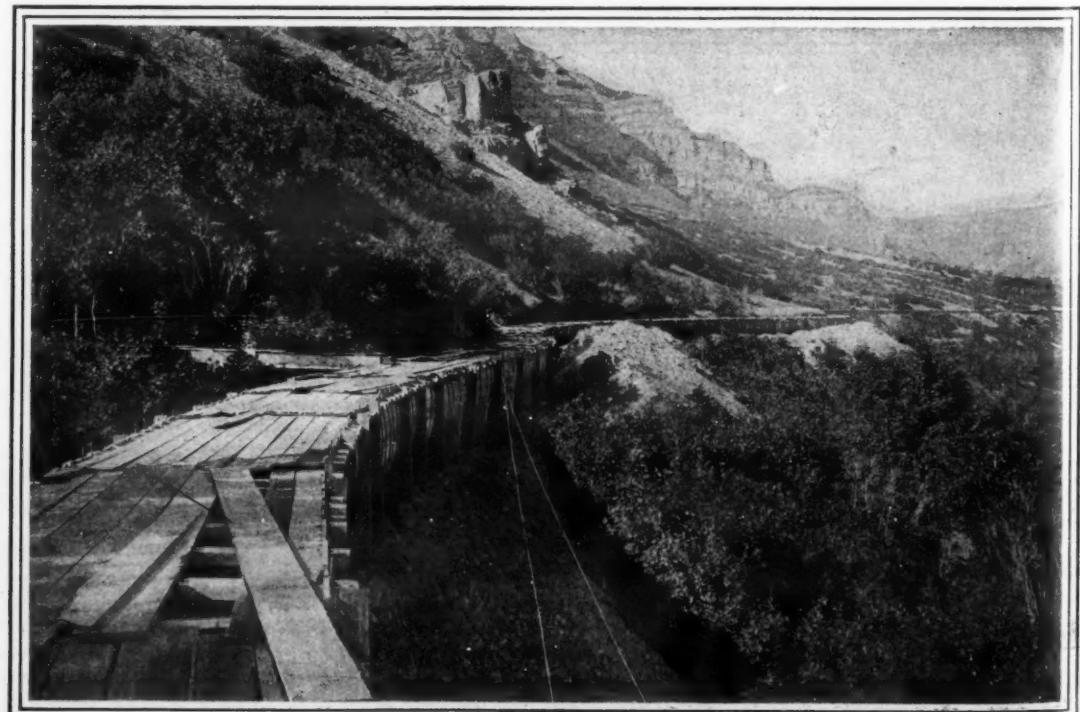
That the modern traveler has not found them arises naturally from the long religious domination of the Franciscans, who destroyed every such image in New Mexico as a vestige of idolatry, just as Archbishop Zumarraga made a holocaust of all the ancient historic picture-writings of the Aztecs in Mexico, and the great Omar destroyed the literature of the East in the Alexandrian library. But, within the last eighteen years over a thousand specimens have been excavated, mostly from the ruins of cities deserted before the Spanish occupation, where they were left when the inhabitants were so hurriedly driven out, by fire, as to have no time even to carry with them their most sacred objects. In nearly every place where they have been found buried in the fallen walls and débris of the old structures, they are accompanied by charred timber and half-vitrified ashes, which tell the story of rapid destruction.

These idols are of very distinct types, each locality having its own characteristic forms. The material naturally varies with the class of stone found in the vicinity; some are of granite, some of marble, and the largest number are of volcanic rock, some of hard lava, and others, including the largest, of the soft tufa which

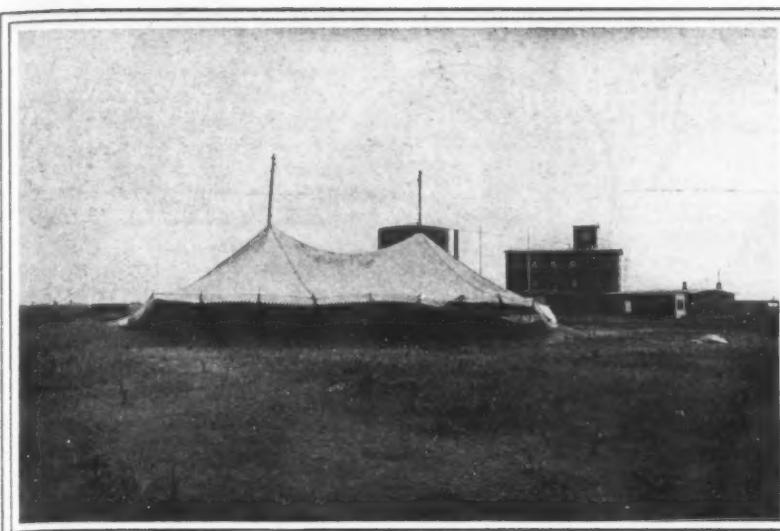
(Continued on page 243.)



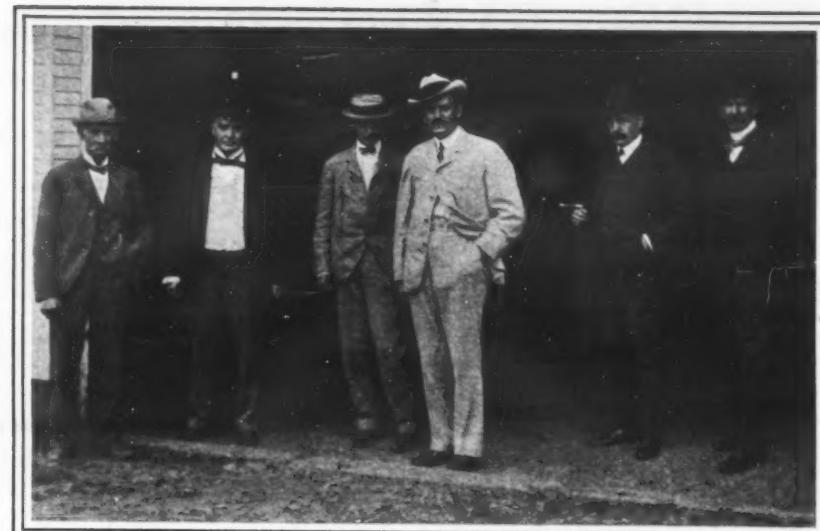
MEXICAN STONE IDOLS FROM THE COLLECTION OF
EX-GOVERNOR BRADFORD L. PRINCE.



IRRIGATING FLUME, FED BY MOUNTAIN STREAMS, IN THE CACHE VALLEY, UTAH.
(See editorial contribution by Senator Warren.)



CARING FOR 50,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT ON A KANSAS PRAIRIE.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT HIS FARM NEAR MINERVA, O.—ON THE LEFT IS HIS FARM MANAGER, JACK ADAMS, AND ON THE RIG. T ARE COLONEL MYRON HERRICK AND SON, SECRETARY CORTELYOU, AND DR. RIXEY.

Too Much Wheat in Kansas.

For the first time in its history Kansas has more wheat than it knows what to do with. Not only are the granaries and bins running over with grain but the elevators are filled and the farmers are still bringing it to market by hundreds of thousands of bushels. The long dry weather was, in a sense, a bonanza for wheat-raisers. Much of the grain was so heavy that it fell to the ground and would have been lost had there been wet weather. But with the long, hot, clear days every straw could be gathered, most of the farmers running the threshing machines into the field and hauling the grain from the shocks to the machine. The grain has all been of the best quality and the yield from twenty to thirty-five bushels per acre. Not less than 80,000,000 bushels will be gathered and the high price is giving the farmers a fine income.

As the strings of wagons came to market in the wheat belt the railroads were swamped. They could not furnish cars and the elevators were soon filled to overflowing. Even in the small stations twenty to thirty teams were waiting to be unloaded all day through the latter part of the threshing. The buyers finally began piling the grain on the prairie. Great heaps of 30,000 to 50,000 bushels have been stored on the open sod, and there they will remain until such time as cars can be secured in which to ship the grain. The sun does not hurt it, no one can steal it, and so little rain falls during the summer that there is practically no danger from that source. Some enterprising buyers have secured circus tents and placed them over the piles, making curious features of the prairie landscape.

The largest acreage of wheat that has ever been sown is being put into the ground on the plains. The failure of the corn this season has made it possible to use much of the corn ground for wheat without replowing. The wheat binders are used to cut the stalks for feed and the drill follows, putting in the new crop. New seed is being imported by the farmers, some of it coming direct from Russia. Stronger straw and more hardy roots are sought, and no expense is spared to get the best. If the predictions of certain weather experts that there will be several more years of hot summers—and presumably corn failures—come true, the Kansas farmers will be prepared to make up the deficiency with bounteous wheat yields.

C. M. H.

How To Redeem the Arid West.

(Continued from page 230.)

"Eden to water the garden." Irrigation undoubtedly. Ancient India, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, the old Moorish kingdoms in Spain and Africa, fostered and maintained irrigation systems, and the evidences remaining of the mode of living of the prehistoric peoples in our own country, notably in Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, and Arizona, show conclusively that land irrigation formed part of their agricultural methods.

Failure of our general government to aid in the work of land-reclamation in the West has not wholly served to prevent such reclamation. For over a quarter of a century the hardy pioneers of the West have been vigorously engaged in the Herculean effort to subdue the adverse forces of nature, and in thousands of valleys hundreds of thousands of productive farms and ranches bear fruitful testimony to their industry. Despite inharmonious land laws, many individual capitalists, land companies, colony associations, and other organizations have expended large sums of money in irrigation enterprises and land-reclamation systems in the West. The Pecos Valley enterprise in New Mexico, the Greeley colonies in Colorado, the Cody land-reclamation system, and the Wheatland colony in Wyoming are examples of these undertakings.

But, while much has been accomplished by individual ranchmen and farmers, and by land-reclamation companies, the results are infinitesimal compared with what may be done if the general government lends adequate help. The hydraulic systems required to store the spring floods at the heads of the Missouri, the Rio Grande, the Arkansas, the Platte, the Colorado, the Gunnison, the Snake, and other rivers of the West can be undertaken only by the general government. Under our present land laws no adequate return can be assured upon capital invested in such works by private enterprise.

The people of the West have been before Congress for many years asking aid for irrigation and arid-land reclamation. They have been granted limited appropriations from time to time for surveys of reservoir sites, stream measurements, and for investigation of the general subject of irrigation. But Congress persistently has refused aid for construction of irrigation works. The money thus far appropriated for investigation and surveys, and expended under direction of the Geological Survey, the engineer corps of the United States Army, and the Office of Irrigation Experiments, has been productive of results demonstrating beyond cavil that millions of acres of lands now used only for grazing, or wholly arid and worthless, may be reclaimed by irrigation and made to produce profitable agricultural crops. The surveys have brought to notice many available reservoir sites in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and other Rocky Mountain States in which the great rivers of the West have their source.

The time is opportune for the utilization of the arid lands of the West. The phenomenal growth of the manufacturing industries of the country during the past four years affords opportunity for increased agricultural production, which should keep pace with growth in other lines of industry. Opening the markets of the Orient will absorb the agricultural products of the West and thus relieve the East from that fear of Western competition which has heretofore been the potent factor in arousing the opposition of the East and middle West to developing the resources of the Arid West by government aid.

The reservoir sites located by the Geological Survey and engineer corps of the army should now be taken by the general government; storage reservoirs should be built thereon, and the flood waters of the great streams of the West impounded for use in irrigating and reclaiming the vast areas of arid lands below. Many of these reservoirs can be built by the expenditure of comparatively small sums of money. No expenditure of government funds could bring surer, speedier, or more general beneficial results than these appropriations. Although its requests for these appropriations have been persistently and, sometimes, it is thought, ungraciously denied, the West will continue modestly to press its claims for recognition, and will endeavor to convince the East and South and the middle West of the reasonableness and justice of these claims, and will persist in keeping them before Congress until an economical, practical, and comprehensive plan of governmental arid-land reclamation is adopted.

The Dials that Speculators Watch.

ALL interest in the New York Produce Exchange centres in one corner of the room, where the quotations are received and the buying and selling take place. The most noticeable thing to the visitor in the galleries is the ring where transactions are effected, but his eye soon fixes itself upon a rostrum-like desk on one side of the

ring where two boys are busy all day. One wears a straw hat and is more industrious apparently than his companion. He is pegging away at a ticker in front of him, and his activity is always a matter of consequence to the brokers in the circle about him. It takes a moment for a stranger to discover what it all means. There are so many clocks in the room that it is almost confusing. The dials are not strikingly different from ordinary clocks, and besides they have a long hand and a short hand that are misleading. A close inspection shows, however, that outside of the circle of units there are others which contain fractions and that the hands are moved to and fro to indicate the last quotation. This is done automatically in response to the keyboard operated by the boy. The dials represent other markets than New York, and give the last quotations in corn and wheat. The hands are not always moving, and sometimes, when the market is dull, one can watch a long time without noticing a change. Then again the boy becomes exceedingly busy and the pointer jumps to and fro rapidly, as it did recently during the exciting rise in corn.

An Enviable Reputation

undoubtedly enjoys the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, of Berlin, Germany. A half century with momentous changes has passed and gone, yet this hotel continues still in the lead, and, with isolated exceptions, is the first in Berlin. The proprietor has expended money with a liberal hand, and improved the house up to modern requirements. Herr Mühlung is one of the most generous of landlords in Germany, and certainly an ideal host. He buys the best in the daily markets, and his clever *maitre d'hôtel* accomplishes the rest; accordingly, Mühlung's restaurant is a rendezvous for epicures. In addition, he keeps a large cellar, with a variety of choice vintages, and certain labels of rare harvests have been in his possession for over a quarter of a century. The initiated, familiar with these facts, lose not time in selecting this house; hence, the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* is crowded with the élite, and particularly Americans, this summer. Its favorable position Unter den Linden, and facing the imperial residence, with all the life and gayety of Berlin passing its windows, undoubtedly constitutes one of its chief attractions, and invites a fine clientèle from both continents.

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for infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required, then, is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile, and guarded against contamination.

WEAKNESS turns to strength with the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Grocers and druggists.

Muscular Pastor.

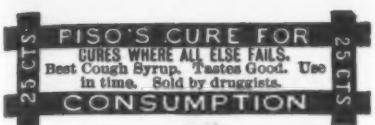
MUSCLES BUILT UP BY COMMON-SENSE HABIT.

"For years I have not been able to drink coffee, as it made me very nervous and gave me a headache. No one loved coffee more than I and it was a severe trial to abandon its use. Nearly three years ago I saw Postum Cereal Coffee advertised and concluded to try it.

"I have been so well pleased with it and its healthful effects that I have used it ever since. I carry packages with me when I visit other places.

"When I began to drink Postum, my muscles were flabby, as my habits are sedentary, but for the past two years my muscles have been hard and I never felt stronger in my life than I do now at sixty years of age, and I attribute my strength of muscle to constant use of Postum. I drink it three times a day. I feel so enthusiastic about Postum that I cannot recommend it too highly wherever I go. Wishing you great success, yours truly, Rev. A. P. Moore, 474 Rhode Island St., Buffalo, N. Y."

The reason Postum builds up the human body to a prime condition of health, is that when coffee is left off, the drug effects of the poison disappear and the elements in Postum unite with albumen of the food to make gray matter and refill the delicate nerve centres all over the body and in the brain. This sets up a perfect condition of nerve health, and the result is that the entire body feels the effect of it.



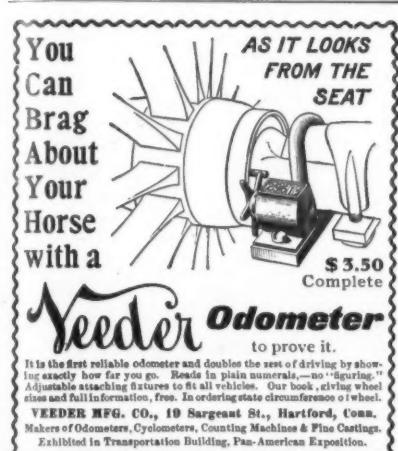
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Referring to the character and ability of John H. Schofield, Principal of the Missouri Shorthand College, Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, now Chancellor of the University, Lincoln, Neb., and recently Superintendent of Chicago Schools, says:

Board of Education, Office of Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Feb. 21, 1900.

Mr. John H. Schofield is well and favorably known to me as the successful director of a large shorthand college. I consider him not only one of the most expert practical shorthand writers whom I have ever known, but also an upright, honorable and perfectly trustworthy gentleman.

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PUBLIC NOTICES.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,
BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES,
NO. 57 CHAMBERS STREET,
BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN,
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1901.

TAXPAYERS WHO DESIRE TO PAY IN THEIR
BLANKS promptly should make immediate written requisition
stating their property by section or Ward, Block and
Lot or Map number, making copy of same from their
bill of last year.

If a taxpayer is assessed for personal tax, the requisition
should also request bill for such tax.

Each requisition should be accompanied by an envelope
bearing the proper address of the applicant and with
return post paid.

In case of any doubt in regard to Ward, Section, Block
or Lot number, Taxpayers should take their deeds to the
Department of Taxes and Assessment, and have their
property located on the maps of that Department and
forward to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes with the requisition
a certified memorandum of their property, which will be furnished by the Department of Taxes and Asses-

ment. Taxpayers in this manner will receive their bills at the earliest possible moment and avoid any delay caused by waiting on lines, as is required in case of personal applica-

The requisition must be addressed and mailed to the
Deputy Receiver of Taxes in whatever borough the
property is located, as follows:

John J. McDonough, No. 57 Chambers Street, Borough
of Manhattan, New York.

John B. Underhill, corner Third and Tremont avenues,
Borough of The Bronx, New York.

James B. Bouck, Municipal Building, Borough of
Brooklyn, New York.

Frederick W. Bleckwenn, corner Jackson Avenue and
Fifth Street, Long Island City, Borough of Queens, New
York.

Matthew S. Tully, Richmond Building, Richmond Ter-
race, New Brighton, Borough of Richmond, New York.

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
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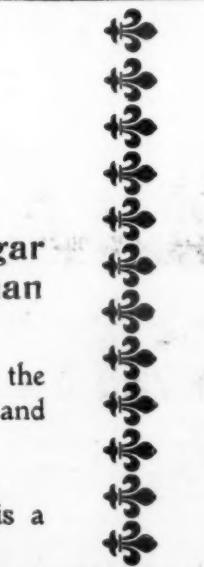
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Cancer Invades the Royal Family

THE recent sad death of her Majesty the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, and her burial at Cronberg in the Taunus Mountains, recalls the pathetic utterance or appeal, so to speak, of her brother, King Edward of England, upon the occasion of the Tuberculosis Congress in London in June of this year, and contained in his address to the distinguished members in attendance from nearly every country in the world, as follows:

"God grant that before long you may be able to find a cure for cancer or check its course."

As is well known, the death of the Empress Frederick was caused by cancer, and a persistent report is rife to the effect that the King himself is suffering from an affection of the throat, presumably cancerous and of a character similar to the difficulty that hastened, if it did not actually cause, the death of his friend, the great General Grant. The Philadelphia *North American* is authority for the statement that the royal physicians have placed his Majesty on a special-diet treatment, also that they have insisted upon decreasing his regular allowance of cigars. I quote from the London cable dispatch published by the *North American* the following interesting paragraph:

"Prominence is given by one or two London newspapers to the fact that the Dowager Empress Frederick and her brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, better known as the Duke of Edinburgh, died of cancer, while Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort; the Duke of Albany, brother of King Edward; the Duke of Clarence, the King's son, and Princess Alice, sister of the King, all succumbed to affections of the chest and throat."

It has been stated that the sufferings of the Empress Frederick were terribly severe, and the usual hypodermic injections of morphine were resorted to in an endeavor to give her relief from pain before her departure from the physical body to the higher realms just beyond.

Cancer has heretofore been considered an incurable disease, and is practically so to-day from any known forms of medication or operation, with possibly the exception of one remedy recently discovered. I quote particularly in relation to this discovery from the editorial utterances of one of America's foremost and venerable physicians, Egbert Guernsey, M.D., LL.D., of New York City. As a practitioner and as the editor of *The Medical Times* for many years past he has kept pace with scientific discovery and achievement in the medical and surgical world in such a manner as to win him laurels possessed by few men.

In the January (1901) number of *The Medical Times*, under the heading "A New Treatment for Cancer," Dr. Guernsey says:

"the past few years have been rich in the practical results following experiments along strictly scientific lines, and as the twentieth century dawns upon us we have a firmer grasp and a clearer insight into many of the great problems of pestilential and malignant diseases which have so long baffled the ablest scientists in our profession."

Dr. Guernsey further states that the study of the cause and development of diphtheria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, malaria, rabies, and bubonic plague have given us only a limited degree of mastery of their prevention and specific treatment, never before obtained, however. While stating that no infallible specific has ever been obtained for any disease, he speaks of the ratio of cures as a result of specific medication after all other forms of medication had failed. "In the light of recent investigations, which are yielding such rich results," he says he was "not surprised at the claim that the same line of scientific inquiry" regarding cancer was placing the disease on the list of curable diseases, although it had formerly been the bane of his profession, being generally considered incurable, the use of all the known specifics, even removal by the knife, giving no assurance that the malady would not occur later on in some other part of the body.

He says Dr. Alexander, the author of the Alexander treatment for cancer, produces unimpeachable authority, attesting to over twenty-five per cent. of positive cures, and more than seventy-five per cent. of marked relief as a result of the use of this remedy. I will state here as a result of personal knowledge, that this relief includes in nearly every instance complete cessation of the intense and excruciating pain, and a rapid reduction of the unnatural swellings and discomforts usually accompanying this terrible disease. Relief and cessation are also insured to sufferers in far-advanced stages of cancer, where before taking up the Alexander treatment (consisting of the hypodermic injection of the fluid into any part of the human system) the patients had been pronounced incurable and inoperable, the attending disagreeable features isolating many of them even from members of their own families.

As my learned friend, Dr. Guernsey, intimates, if the use of this fluid accomplished no more than this it would still be classed as a valuable and scientific discovery.

After discussing the cell or germ theory Dr. Guernsey, in his editorial, continues:

"Whether this theory is correct or not, the remedy has certainly some power to work results never obtained before . . . The very positive results which Dr. Alexander claims to have obtained from his treatment and which seem to have been indorsed by the most positive testimony appeal very strongly to the medical profession to put it to the most thorough test in controlling those malignant growths for which heretofore there has been found no adequate remedy."

Again, in the June (1901) number of *The Medical Times*, the doctor makes comment upon Dr. Gustav Eisen's discovery of the cancer germ, his apparent inoculation with the germs as a result of his investigations, and finally the operation for cancer from which it was then thought he was rapidly recovering. The comment extends to the notable work of Dr. Harvey Gaylord, the director of the New York State Laboratory at Buffalo, his claim being that he has succeeded in isolating and culturing the cancer parasite, which he calls a protozoan (a single cell or group of cells). Dr. Guernsey continues as follows:

"Heretofore the protozoan, which Dr. Gaylord claims to be the living germ of cancer, has been passed over by bacteriologists as the supposed products of degeneration. If these parasites, as Dr. Gaylord claims, exist through the whole circulatory system in cancer cases known as carcinoma and sarcoma, we can readily see why the knife may afford only a temporary relief, often advisable, but" (and here he makes the forceful and remarkable statement that) "the only real cure must exist in destroying the living germs in the general circulation."

In conclusion he says:

"In this connection we refer the reader to an article of Dr. Webber, in the original department of this issue of the *Times*, worthy of most careful consideration. If his conclusions are correct they point to what might be considered a specific for the destruction of the cancer germs in the circulation."

Dr. Frank O. Webber (member of the Massachusetts Medical Society), next to Dr. Alexander, has probably had more experience than any other physician in this country in the successful use of the remedy in the Alexander Sanatorium in Boston, Mass.

A former article of mine, published in LESLIE'S WEEKLY October 13th, 1900, in relation to this discovery of Dr. Alexander's created considerable comment in the journalistic and medical world, also among large numbers of persons suffering from cancer, and being reliably informed to the effect that many of the latter were helped by the treatment and freed from pain and discomfort, in some cases apparently cured, I am impelled to again take up my pen, first, last and all the time, in behalf of the great and growing army of helpless and afflicted mortals who are vainly struggling against what I believe to be an hereditary disease, transmitted through the blood. My statement in that article to the effect that I had talked with a number of persons, men and women, who had had the sentence of death passed upon them, and that they had entirely recovered from the ravages of the disease, after examination by eminent physicians and surgeons, following this treatment, is made all the more remarkable by the fact that an additional investigation made last month (August, 1901) in relation to the same individuals reveals the fact that they still live, free not only from cancer, but from serious illness of any kind.

Among the prominent papers referred to above as having discussed the discovery in its different phases may be mentioned the New York *Tribune*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Times-Herald* of Chicago, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the Atlanta *Constitution*, the New Orleans *Picayune*, and the Jacksonville *Times-Union* and *Citizen*.

The points that are of the greatest possible value to humanity, including, of course, the brave and good men in the medical and surgical world, and those devoted to science and scientific achievements generally, may be summed up briefly as follows: First, the remedy is not a "cure-all." It has, however, to its credit an infinitely greater number of cures than any other known remedy. Its use has insured, in actual practice, and fully substantiates Dr. Alexander's claim to the effect that radical relief, freedom from pain and the attending unpleasant features, also prolongation of life, in seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the average cases treated during the past few years. This is remarkable, as the majority of his patients had previously been pronounced incurable.

Second, the Alexander vegetable fluid is not a patent remedy or medicine that can be sold and used indiscriminately. Its use is confined to reputable practitioners throughout the world, those having a knowledge of the various branches of science in medicine, surgery, anatomy, and hygiene. I should think that trained nurses might also safely administer it.

Hundreds of physicians, surgeons, and cancer specialists are using the remedy, and many so-called country doctors in isolated places even have produced results, in many cases cures, fully as remarkable as those on record credited to Drs. Alexander and Webber.

It seems that the fluid, after injection in the human system, has, from results attained, some power of antagonizing, combating and overcoming, in most cases annihilating and casting out of the blood, the protozoan or cancer germ; or, as Dr. Guernsey states it, "of destroying the living germs in the general circulation."

Last, but not least, is the fact that the use of this remedy renders entirely unnecessary, in the majority of cases, the surgical operation usually resorted to in an endeavor to save, or at least to prolong, human life. The use of the fluid also prevents recurrence.

A prominent physician living near Boston, whom I met recently, told me of one of his patients, a school superintendent, who now fulfills his regular duties after three operations for cancer had been performed. The entire jaw-bone and cheek-bone and half of the upper set of teeth from the centre back were removed during the last operation, over one year ago. He has since that time worn a plate, made in the Harvard Dental College, composed of artificial parts corresponding to the parts removed. The use of the Alexander remedy, the physician says, prior to the last operation, has prevented recurrence, and has evidently destroyed the cancer germs in his patient's system.

If the King knew what I have learned he would no doubt thank God that a cure had been found for cancer, and that its course had been checked. I believe that the life of the most brilliant woman in the world, as Empress Frederick has frequently been termed, could have been saved by the use of this fluid, if administered in time. Even had the remedy been used a few weeks prior to her demise, she would have been relieved of the intense pain and suffering that unfortunately she was obliged to endure before passing away.

CHARLES ELLEY HALL,
General Staff Correspondent.

No Paupers in Kansas.

KANSAS has been the subject of so many quips and gibes as the home of crank legislation, that when good and commendable things happen in the Sunflower State justice demands that they should be called to public attention in an equally large and insistent way. Thus the fact that the Kansas populists have formally and finally disbanded, and the correlative fact that crops and money were never before so plenty in Kansas as they are this year, are deserving of special prominence. Of equal significance is the published statement that Kansas has fewer paupers in proportion to its population than any other State in the Union, and that some of its counties have none. A curious outcome of this paucity of paupers in the care of one Kansas county is that the superintendents of the poor farm in that county, having only two or three persons to support each year, have grown suspiciously rich, one after another, and have had to be removed from office. It appears now that the superintendents were really honest and faithful officials, and thus accumulated fortunes on the proceeds of the farm in a natural and perfectly legitimate way, and according to contract. Two superintendents made \$25,000 each before they were displaced. The financial difficulty has finally been settled, to the satisfaction of the country at least, by making the office of superintendent a salaried one, the profits of the farm going into the county treasury. Under this plan it is expected that the county will net at least \$10,000 a year from this source. A happy condition that!

No Continental Alliance Against Us.

In a recent private letter to the editor of this paper the Hon. James Bryce, the English statesman and publicist, referred to the rumored trade alliance of continental Europe against America as an absurd and impossible thing. Sir Charles Dilke, another profound student of European affairs, has made practically the same observation. While we believe the statement quoted to be true, as to the impossibility, we cannot refrain from thinking that under all the smoke rising from European courts around this proposal there must be at least the fire of a purpose. We suspect that the London *Spectator* is nearer the truth when it says that the continental nations would probably venture to form such an alliance were it not for the fact that, with England left out, as would necessarily be the case, American products would find their way at once into European markets through English hands, with only a slight commission on, and their second state would be no better than their first. And another, and a still better reason why the alliance will not be formed is that the continent needs America full as much as America needs the continent for market purposes. The truth is that the trade relations of all civilized nations are now so involved with each other, and the reciprocal benefits are so many, that any attempt to institute trade boycotts between one nation and another must prove vain and disastrous. Generally speaking, any effort to turn trade aside from its normal and legitimate channels at home or abroad can be comparable only in its results with the effort of Mrs. Partington to roll back the Atlantic with a broom. It is against nature and cannot be done.

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1892 "	861,625	1897 "	864,022
1893 "	835,604	1898 "	793,169
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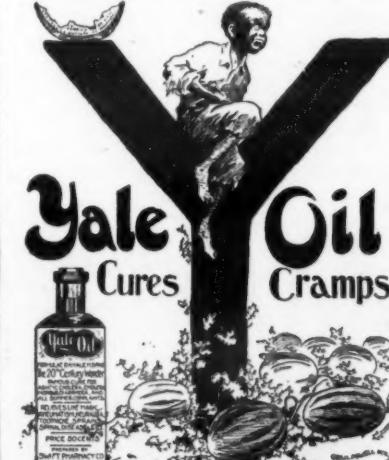
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